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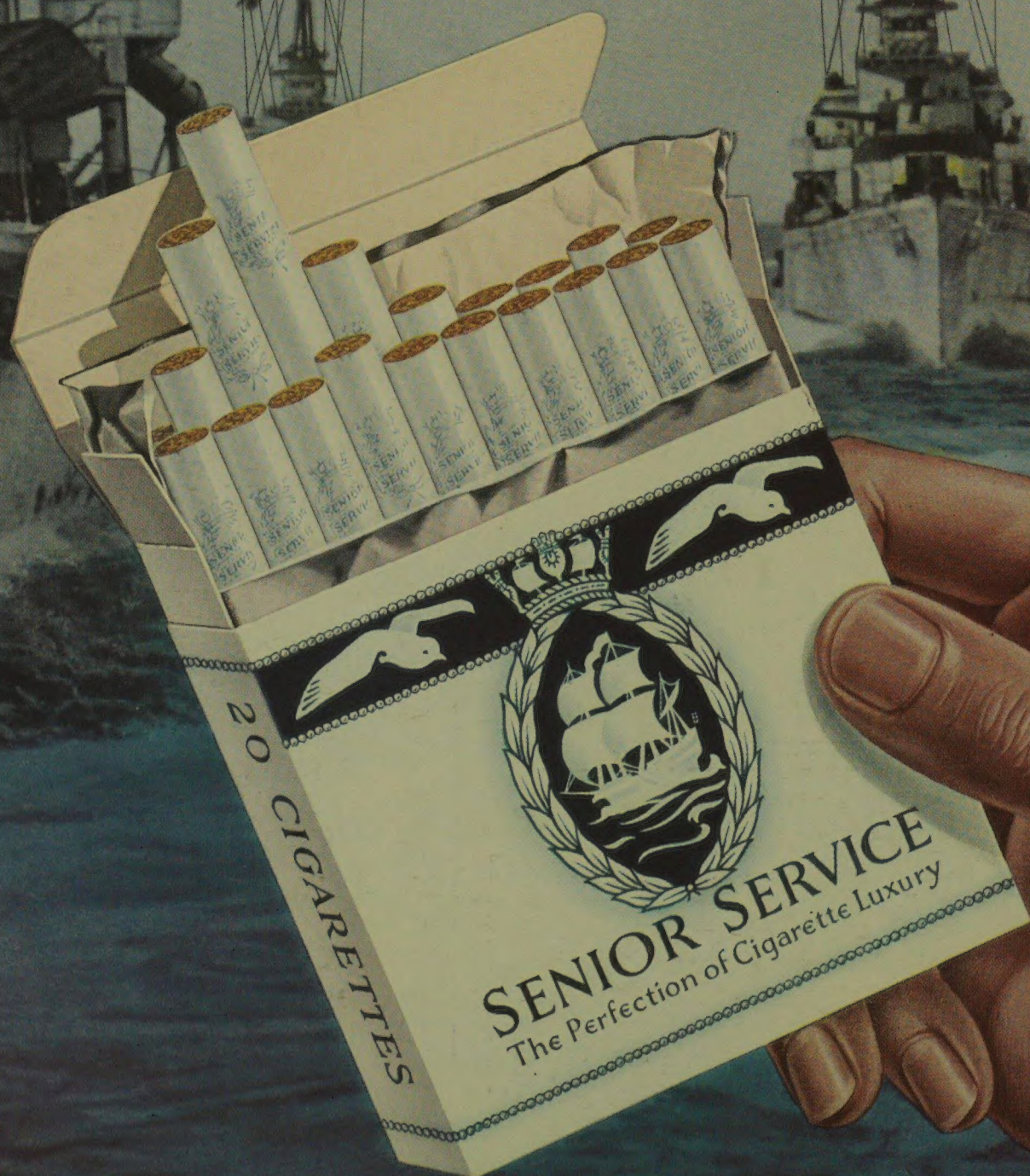
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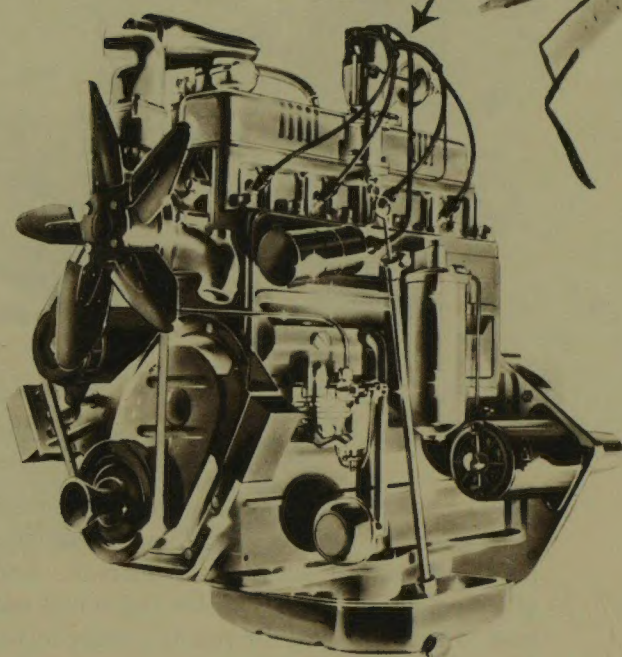


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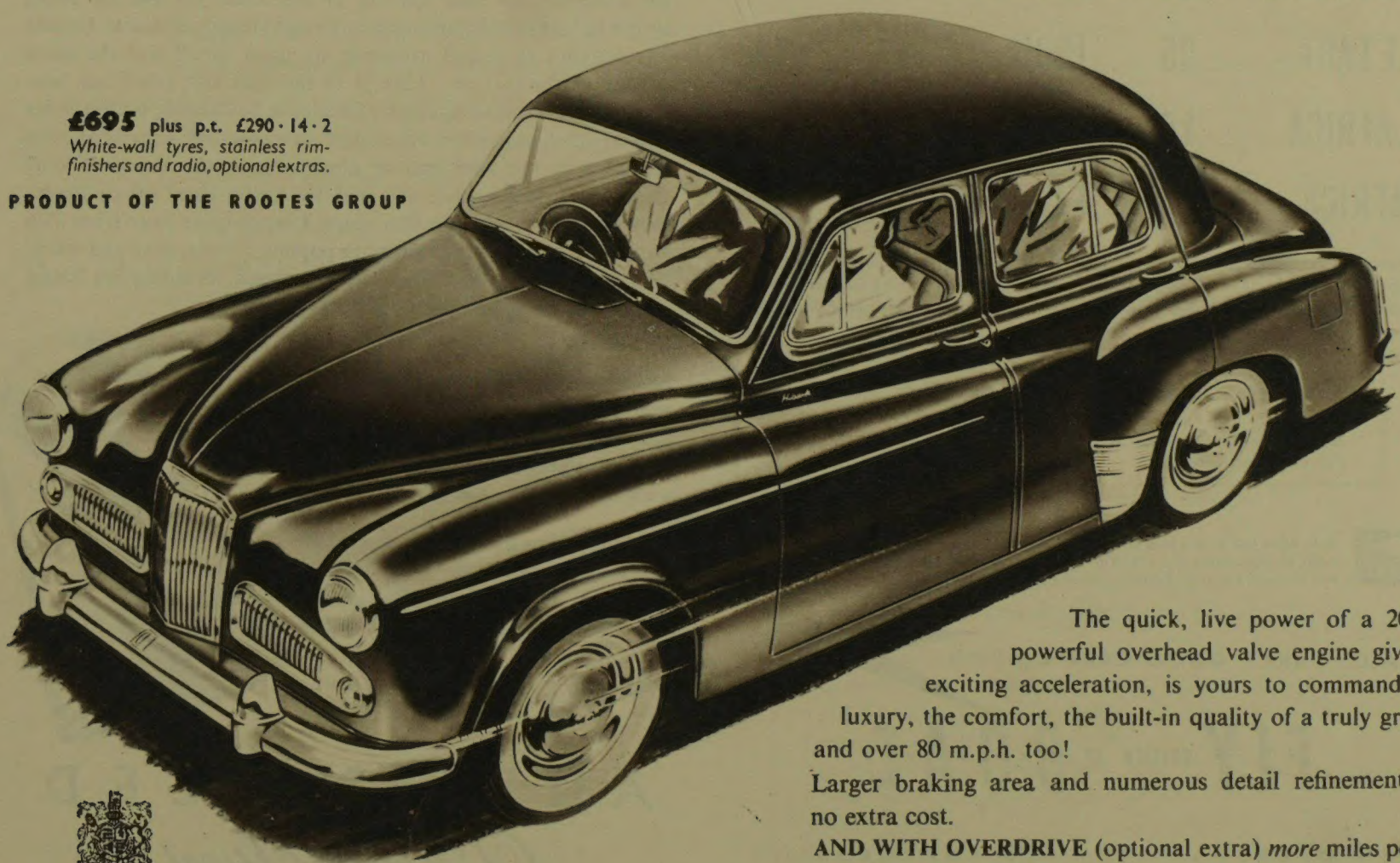
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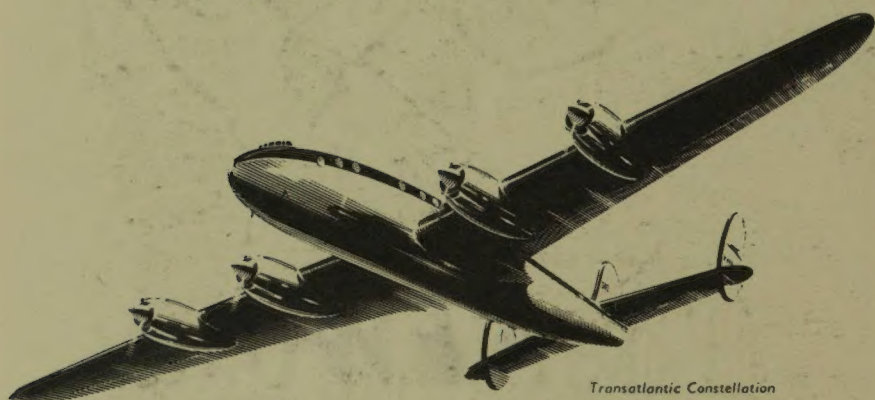
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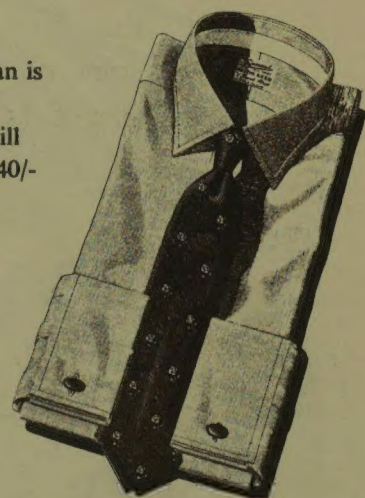


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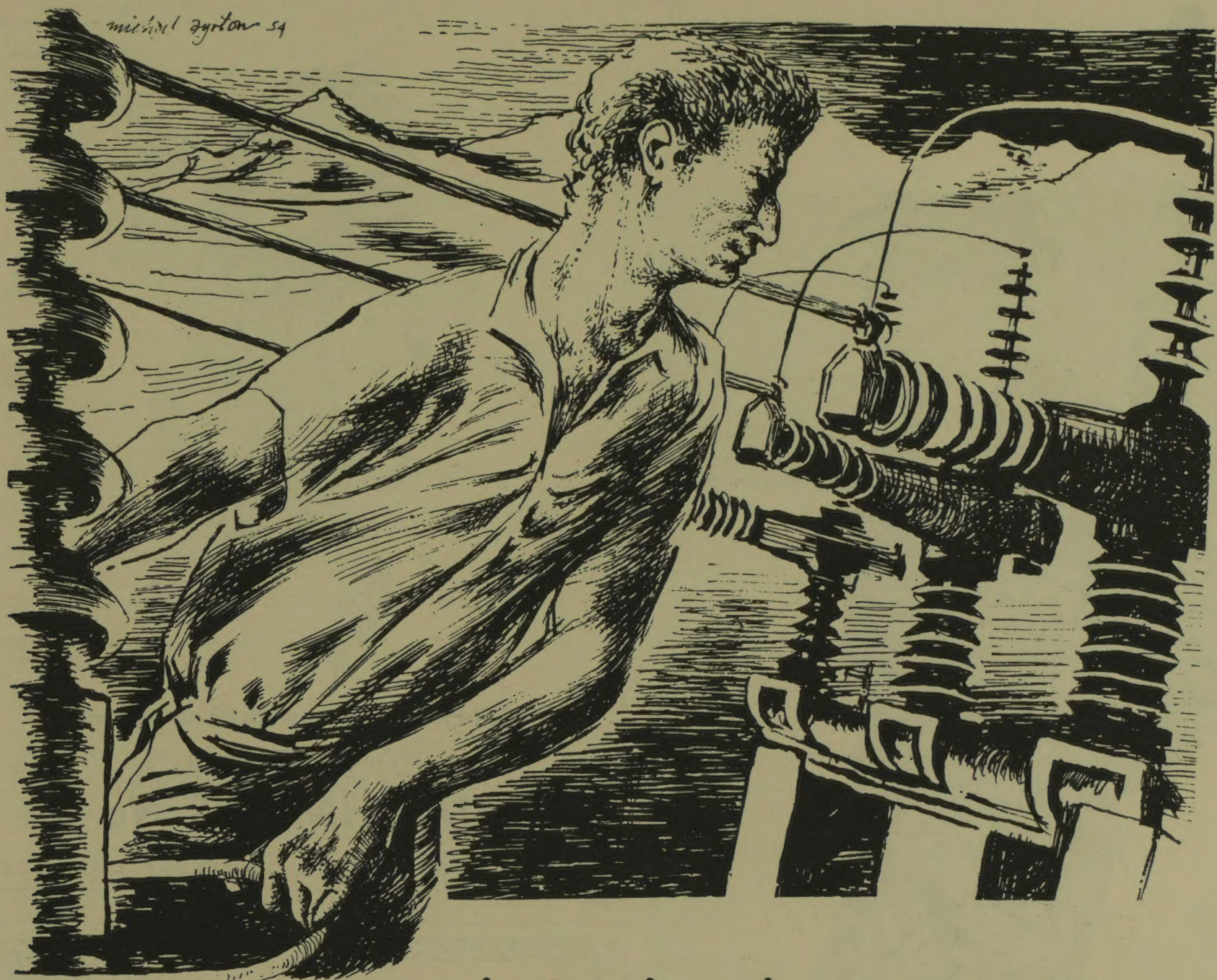
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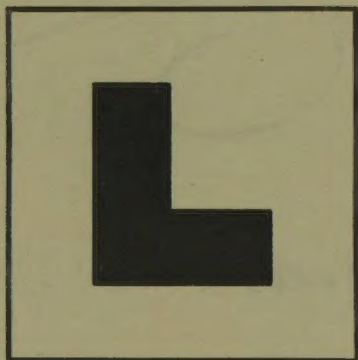
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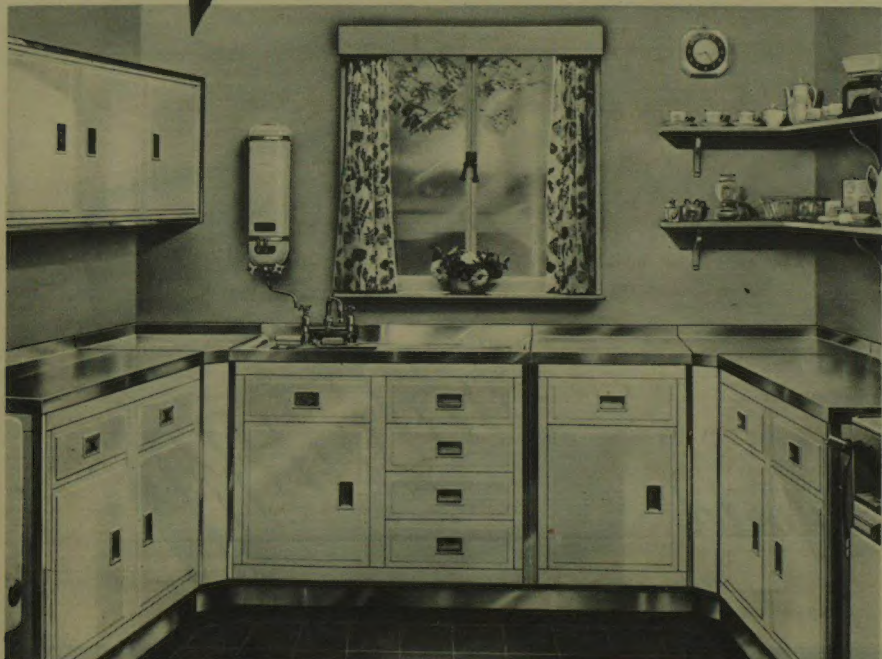


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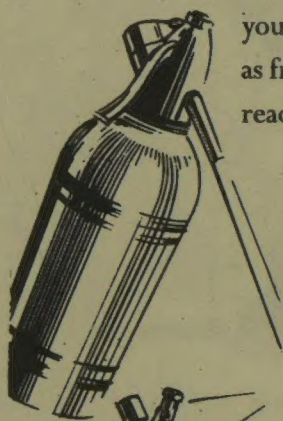
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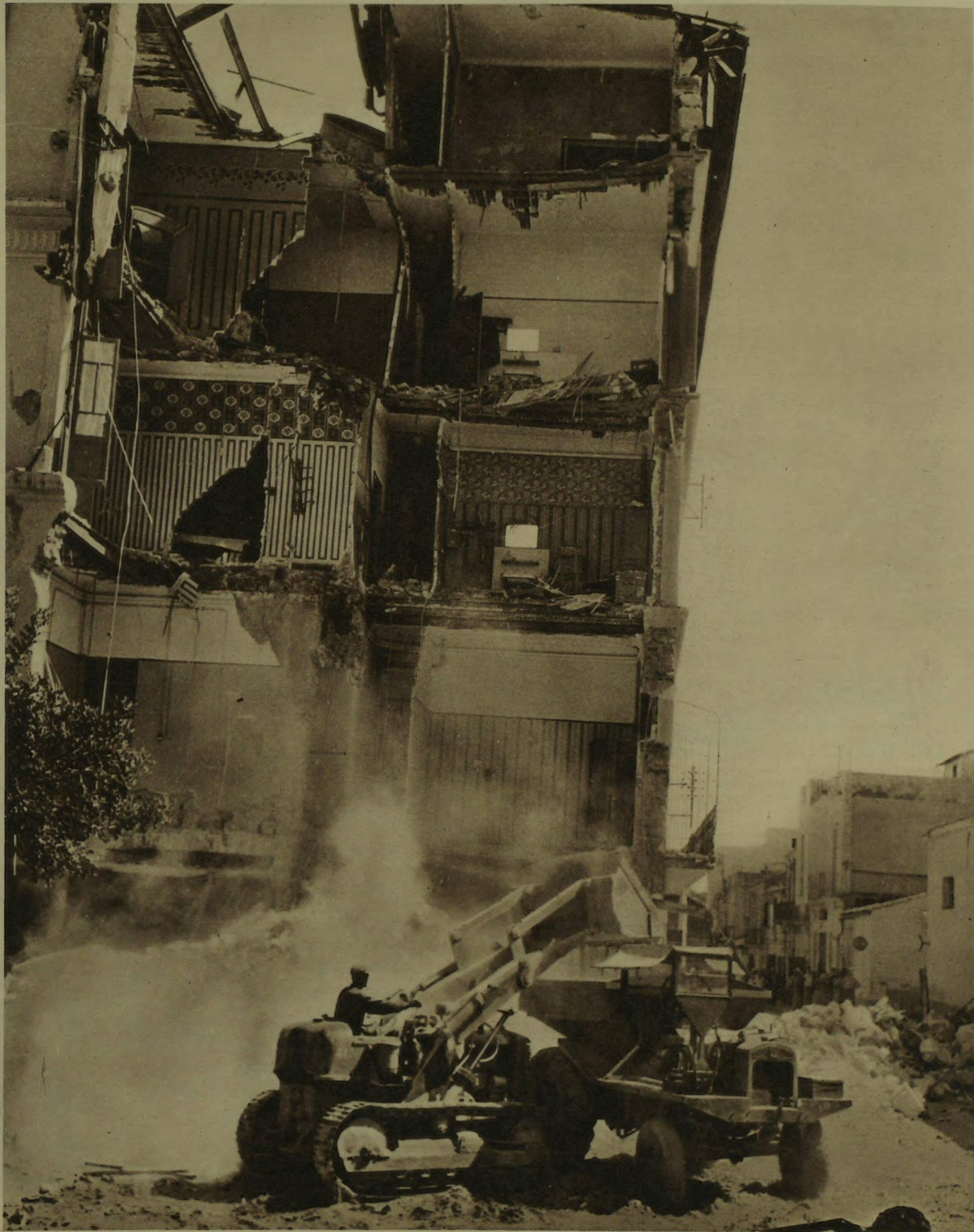


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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1954.



WRECKED IN AN EARTHQUAKE AND NOT BY THE HAND OF MAN: THE RUINS OF THE HOTEL BAUDOUIN, IN THE DEVASTATED TOWN OF ORLÉANSVILLE, IN ALGERIA, FORTY PEOPLE IN THE HOTEL LOST THEIR LIVES.

In the early hours of September 9 a violent earthquake devastated the town of Orleanville and villages sixty miles around it in Northern Algeria, 120 miles west of Algiers. At the time of writing the known death-roll has reached 1287, including 40 Europeans, but the actual total, which

may never be known, is certainly higher. This photograph shows rescuers at work amid the ruins of the shattered *Hotel Baudouin*, the largest in Orleanville, where forty people lost their lives when the earthquake struck the town. Other photographs of the disaster appear elsewhere.

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SHATTERED IN TWELVE SECONDS: THE TOWN OF ORLÉANSVILLE, IN NORTHERN

ALGERIA, AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE RECENT DEVASTATING EARTHQUAKE.



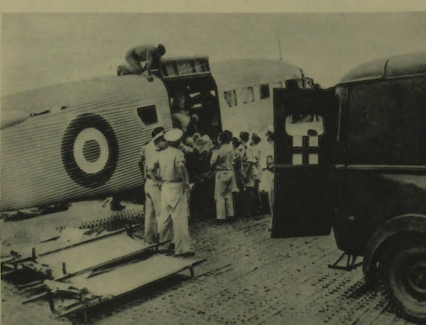
BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE: THE LAMARTINE DAM, NEAR ORLÉANSVILLE, WHICH COLLAPSED, CAUSING FLOODING OF THE SURROUNDING LAND AND CUTTING OFF VILLAGES.



WHERE TWISTED ROOF-TIMBERS AND PILES OF MASONRY BEAR TRAGIC TESTIMONY OF THE VIOLENCE OF THE EARTHQUAKE: A SCENE IN ONE OF ORLÉANSVILLE'S MAIN STREETS.



REDUCED TO RUBBLE AND RUINS IN TWELVE SECONDS: THE REMAINS OF BUILDINGS IN THE DEVASTATED TOWN, WHERE HUNDREDS LOST THEIR LIVES AND MANY MORE WERE INJURED.



THE EVACUATION OF THE INJURED BY AIR FROM ORLÉANSVILLE: WOUNDED BEING REMOVED FROM A RESCUE AIRCRAFT IN ALGIERS.

What is believed to have been the worst earthquake disaster ever recorded in Africa devastated the town of Orléansville and surrounding districts in Northern Algeria in the early hours of September 9. The number of those who lost their lives is known to exceed 1200, the injured are reported to be between 5000 and 6000, and the homeless are estimated at over 20,000. After the disaster Orléansville, a town of 32,000 inhabitants, was described as resembling a "city of the



TWO DAYS AFTER THE DISASTER: FIREMEN AND OTHER RESCUERS REMOVING A BODY FROM THE RUBBLE OF THE WRECKED HOTEL RAUDOUI.

dead," its streets filled with rubble and twisted girders, and its buildings shattered or perched precariously on the brink of gaping fissures. Those who have seen towns and cities in Europe after heavy aerial or other bombardment can visualise something of the horror of the scene. Cutted buildings, some of which were split down the middle as if sliced through by a mammoth axe, revealed the domestic surroundings of those who such a short time ago lived within their walls and whose belongings



SURVEYING THE RUINS: THREE PRIESTS OUTSIDE THE SHATTERED CATHEDRAL, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE MANY BUILDINGS TO BE DESTROYED.



SILENT IN THE RUINED BELLEVY: THE BELLS OF THE WRECKED CATHEDRAL, WHICH WERE RECOVERED AND RUNG ON THE SUNDAY AFTER THE DISASTER.



SEARCHING FOR BURIED VICTIMS: TROOPS AMID THE PILED-UP WRECKAGE OF THE HOTEL DES VOYAGEURS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.



ARRIVING AT A HOSPITAL IN ALGIERS: ONE OF THE SERIOUSLY INJURED EARTHQUAKE VICTIMS WHO WAS FLOWN OUT OF ORLÉANSVILLE.



WHERE FORTY PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES: THE HOTEL RAUDOUI. NOTE THE SHEETS WITH WHICH GUESTS TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM THE WINDOWS.



PREPARING TO CAMP IN THE OPEN AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST FURTHER EARTH TREMORS: EUROPEANS IN THE GARDEN OF A HOUSE IN ORLÉANSVILLE.

and furniture were scattered crazily amid the rubble. The first and most violent earthquake shock lasted for about twelve seconds and destroyed the town's hospital, prefecture of police, prison, railway station, hotels, numerous apartment and other houses, and the cathedral which surmounts the fourth-century shrine of St. Reparatius built by the Emperor Constantine. A newly-completed nine-storey block of flats also collapsed. Many neighbouring villages and hamlets



INJURED IN THE EARTHQUAKE: A TRAGIC CHILD VICTIM OF THE DISASTER SEEN IN THE ARMS OF A RESCUE WORKER IN ORLÉANSVILLE.

were also severely damaged by the earthquake, some being completely wrecked. The French Government, who proclaimed a day of national mourning for the victims, took immediate steps to organise aid for the stricken area, and a number of other countries, including Great Britain, have already given or offered aid. A succession of earth tremors were felt in the Orléansville area during the days after the initial disaster, but no casualties were reported.



By L. F. AUSTIN.

A REPRINT FROM OUR ISSUE OF APRIL 9, 1898, OF THE FIRST ARTICLE BY THE SECOND CONTRIBUTOR TO THIS PAGE.

THE friends of Mr. James Payn have offered eloquent tribute, here and elsewhere, to the rare qualities of the writer and the man. There remains one thing to be said of him, and it happens to be the thing which comes most fitly and sadly from myself, though I never had the privilege of his personal friendship. If they who knew him well feel keenly the loss of his genial humour, his sunny philosophy, his large and tolerant knowledge, how nearly must this bereavement touch the writer who has to succeed him here without filling the gap he has left? It is with something like despair that I see my name and not his at the head of this page. I have reproachful visions of the multitude of readers who, for many years, found in his "Note Book" so much stimulus and charm. I can truly say to them, "Let us mourn together the wise and kindly spirit we have lost"; but I can offer them no solace save the faint hope that the spirit of James Payn may sometimes revisit this corner of his old tenement for their comfort and mine.

So Boadicea and her chariot are not to be moved from that commanding site on the Embankment, within striking distance of the Houses of Parliament. This may not be a triumph of art, though the British Queen is almost a match for the stately ladies who adorn the Place de la Concorde. But without arguing any question of sculpture, I venture to suggest that the statue of Boadicea provides a new stimulus in the lives of many pedestrians who cross Westminster Bridge. Some, no doubt, are puzzled. To them, as to a certain member of the County Council, Boadicea is "a mythological personage." They have not heard of her dauntless patriotism—how she came "bleeding from the Roman rods," and how it used to be supposed that her remains were buried in a tumulus on Parliament Hill. But there is something in her glance which seizes their attention. Why does a middle-aged gentleman of meek aspect, sauntering by late in the afternoon, give a sudden start and cross the bridge hastily? Does her regal eye remind him of some domestic potentate in Brixton, impatient for his home-coming? Speculations about the statue are hazarded by flippant bystanders. "Boadicea," says one: "why, she's an advertisement—that blessed stuff which 'touches the spot'!" Another explains to a lady that it is all over. "What's all over?" "The reign of man! Don't you see what this means? It is the triumph of women's suffrage! Boadicea on her way to Palace Yard to take her seat in the House of Commons!"

Londoners ought to be grateful for any public monument that stirs the imagination. We are apt to take statues too literally, to ask for a precise image in stone or bronze of somebody who has won a battle, written a book, passed a Bill; so that the Bill, the book, or the battle may be impressed upon us for ever, though successive Novembers lay fresh mantles of soot on the effigy till it is almost unrecognisable. This theory does not work very satisfactorily, for there is probably no great city in which the statues enjoy so little public notice as in London. But if a sculptor were commissioned now and then to make a symbolic or dimly historic figure which leaves a spacious latitude to the fancy, think what a boon he would confer on many people who are listless in their daily walks because there is nothing to capture their vague emotion and wandering thought! Mrs. Kruger has adapted this idea with much ingenuity. Her husband is said to have consented to be immortalised in sculpture on condition that he should be reproduced in his habit as he lives—hat, coat, everything as faithfully presented as Cromwell's warts. No doubt the famous precedent of the Protector came naturally to his memory. But Mrs. Kruger stipulated that the crown of the President's hat should be so modelled as to hold the rain, and make a pleasant little reservoir for thirsty birds. This blunts the edge of the poet's satire on Cæsar dead and turned to clay, who stops a hole to keep the wind away; for some public curiosity may cling to him while the birds are drinking out of his hat!

If every statue were suddenly endowed with life, how many of them would feel any interest in current affairs? One or two great men would be a good deal disturbed. The various images of Columbus, on hearing of the quarrel between Spain and the United States, would exclaim with one accord, "Was it for this that I discovered America?" Some consolation might be offered him by the statues of Amerigo Vespucci, if there are any, who would respond, "Calm yourself, my dear Christopher! Remember that America was christened after me!"

If the statues of Shakspeare became animated, what a press of interviewers there would be in Leicester Square, all armed with the same interrogation,

"Did you or Bacon write those plays?" How the Baconian heresy is spreading may be judged from Mr. Sidney Lee's significant letter in the *Times*. He says he is constantly asked by men of "acknowledged reputation" to meet their doubts about Shakspeare. Mr. Lee, who is deeply versed in the subject, declares that the case for Shakspeare is overwhelming to anybody who examines the whole evidence, and that the delusion of his questioners arises solely from the fact that Bacon, a contemporary of the poet's, was a great prose writer. There is no more reason for believing that Bacon wrote Shakspeare than for believing that Arthur Orton was Roger Tichborne. I thought this illustration would provoke some reply; but so far Mr. Lee's challenge is unanswered. There remains the phenomenon that, in every intelligent circle, you are likely to find somebody who inclines towards Bacon, not always on specific grounds, but apparently because Shakspeare's genius is thought incompatible with his origin and mode of life. Did he not hasten to be rich, withdraw to Stratford-on-Avon, and live there as a country gentleman, quite indifferent to his fame? Can you imagine a modern poet turning landowner, and ignoring his achievements? Then how could an actor amass the prodigious knowledge which enriches the plays? Now Bacon was a very learned man; and although imagination and humour are not the most striking characteristics of his prose, and although his admitted verse is none of the best, his scholarship explains much that is surprising in Shakspeare.

Such, in brief, seem to be the ideas, more or less definite, behind the Baconian theory. Not the smallest impression is made upon them by the positive evidence of Shakspeare's authorship supplied by contemporaries, rivals as well as friends, notably by Ben Jonson and by the two actors who edited the First Folio. How Jonson could have been deceived, or how he could have lent himself to an imposture; how Shakspeare could have blinded all about him to his incompetence, or how he could have bribed his world to secrecy—these be mysteries. Ben Jonson was Shakspeare's friend and critic; he was also a friend of Bacon's: it is not improbable, therefore, that Shakspeare helped himself as freely to the scholarship of both these men as to the Italian novels from which he drew so many plots. It is more conceivable, at any rate, that the actor, who was reputed to have begun life by deer-stealing, created Hamlet than that the philosophic Bacon created Falstaff.

M. Jusserand, in the *Nineteenth Century*, calls attention to another mystery. Throughout Shakspeare's lifetime, his name and work were unknown to Frenchmen, even to those who visited England. He shared this neglect with all the Elizabethan poets. But the French knew Bacon! Here is a promising trail for the Baconian. Unluckily, the French interest in Bacon was limited to his Latin compositions. M. Jusserand's disclosure means that the whole English literature of the period was sealed to French students. Even the distinguished English writers who went to Paris attracted no attention. Ben Jonson hid his light under a bottle, for, although he took his ease in a Paris tavern, he did not talk there as he talked at the Mermaid, but was made very drunk by the scapegrace son of Raleigh, put into a cart, and exhibited to the curious impertinents in the streets! . . .

As it is often said that Shakspeare is little read now, I find much refreshment in the recent confession of a literary man who says he was sent to prison for debt. Having to spend the first stage of his seclusion in a police station, he whiled away five hours in his cell by reciting "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," and half of "Othello." He was stopped, not by exhaustion, but by the entrance of a warder, who must have been listening, enraptured, through the keyhole. It may be wondered why such a memory, and such powers of endurance, were not exercised for the benefit of the creditors. Could they have heard that recitation, would they not have taken it as an acquittal of all debts, in conjunction with a trifling composition in the pound? The idea of a literary man paying his butcher and baker with a few hours of Shakspeare must commend itself to every liberal mind. It might be enacted, moreover, that remission of sentence should be granted when a culprit can recite two Shakspeare tragedies to his fellow prisoners every day for a month. The educational advantages of such a system are obvious. It would keep the memory of Shakspeare green, lessen crime by diverting the energies of possible criminals to arduous study, and afford a welcome relaxation to prison officials.



JAMES PAYN.

and here we publish the first article by his successor, L. F. Austin, which appeared in our issue of April 9, 1898.

During James Payn's last illness "Our Note Book" appeared on two or three occasions either over Austin's name or his initials, and on the former's death he became the regular contributor of the feature. Austin was in turn leader-writer, reviewer and dramatic critic of the *Daily Chronicle* and held the reputation of being the best after-dinner speaker in London. For a time he was secretary to Sir Henry Irving and remained his close friend. He died suddenly on Sept. 15, 1905.

"OUR NOTE BOOK" PAGE OVER 66 YEARS.

DURING Sir Arthur Bryant's holiday we are reprinting each week the first article by each of the four contributors to this page: James Payn (1830-1898), with whom the feature began; L. F. Austin (1852-1905); G. K. Chesterton (1874-1936); and Sir Arthur Bryant (b. 1899).

The first article by James Payn was reprinted in our issue of Sept. 11,



L. F. AUSTIN.

A WORLD MISCELLANY: OCCASIONS DIPLOMATIC AND POLITICAL.



THE LAST DAY OF OPEN MEETINGS OF THE SOUTH-EAST ASIA CONFERENCE AT MANILA IN THE PHILIPPINES. THE FINAL PACT WAS SIGNED BY EIGHT NATIONS ON SEPTEMBER 8. On Sep. 8 the South-East Asian Collective Defence Treaty, a protocol throwing a "mantle of protection" over Laos, Cambodia and Free Viet Nam, and a Pacific Charter of equal rights, were signed for Britain, the U.S., Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Siam and France.



MR. VYSHINSKY (LEFT) PROTESTING AGAINST THE DISCUSSION BY THE U.N. SECURITY COUNCIL OF THE U.S. CHARGE THAT RUSSIAN FIGHTERS HAD SHOT DOWN A U.S. AIRCRAFT.

On September 11 the American complaint that Russian fighters had shot down a U.S. *Neptune* aircraft in the Sea of Japan came before the Security Council of the United Nations. The Russian delegate, Mr. Vyshinsky, protested against the matter being discussed, but on a vote his objections were over-ruled 10 to 1.



PRESIDENT BAYAR (RIGHT CENTRE, BARE-HEADED) AT THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR SHRINE AT BELGRADE. On September 9 President Tito of Turkey concluded at Brioni, President Tito's summer residence, his seven-days visit to Yugoslavia; and in a statement to the Press said that he and the Yugoslav leaders had found themselves in agreement and paid a warm tribute to the country's efforts in reconstruction.



EGYPTIAN WORKMEN DEMOLISHING PART OF THE GARDEN OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN CAIRO TO COMPLETE A NEW ROAD. Agreement was recently reached between the Egyptian and the British Governments on the amount of compensation to be paid to Great Britain for Egypt's taking over part of the garden of the British Embassy in Cairo in order to complete a Corniche road running along the bank of the Nile. The agreed sum is £E.300,000, and, as our photograph shows, work is already in progress.



MR. BUTLER, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF SAFFRON WALDEN. On September 10 Mr. R. A. Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, received the Freedom of Saffron Walden in recognition of his 25 years as M.P. for the division. Mr. Butler at fifty-one became the town's youngest Freeman. On the table before him and in the coat-of-arms behind are saffron crocuses, the emblem of the town.



THE OPENING SITTING OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS AT BRIGHTON ON SEPTEMBER 6. THE FIRST DAY WAS MARKED BY AN UNSUCCESSFUL COMMUNIST-SPONSORED ASSAULT ON THE POLICY OF SUPPORT FOR GERMAN REARMAMENT. A DEBATE ON THE SAME SUBJECT WAS CLOSELY CONTESTED ON SEPTEMBER 8. The Trades Union Congress opened at Brighton on September 6 and Mr. John Horner, the Communist General Secretary of the Fire Brigades Union, promptly moved the reference back of the section of the Committee's report dealing with German rearmament. A card vote was called for and the proposal was beaten by 5,884,000 to 1,600,000. In the general debate on German rearmament, however, which took place on September 8, the majority supporting German rearmament was much smaller; and indeed, on the official policy of support for a German contribution to Western defence, with safeguards, amounted only to 455,000. The Congress closed on September 10 with a very lively session, in which the Communists were again defeated on the question of wages restraint.

"BATTLE OF BRITAIN" WEEK.



AFTER RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH: NO. 12 BOMBER SQUADRON, R.A.F., MARCHING THROUGH GRIMSBY "WITH DRUMS BEATING, BAYONETS FIXED AND COLOURS FLYING."



IN THE POOL OF LONDON AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF TOWER BRIDGE: AN R.A.F. SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOT, TAKING STATION FOR "BATTLE OF BRITAIN" WEEK.



BRITISH FIGHTERS AND GERMAN BOMBERS, ASSEMBLED FOR "BATTLE OF BRITAIN" WEEK ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE, UNDER THE EYES OF THE LORD ROBERTS STATUE.

"Battle of Britain" Week, commemorating the fourteenth anniversary of the victory of "The Few" over the Luftwaffe in 1940, opened on September 13. The principal event arranged was the fly-past of 185 R.A.F. aircraft over London—led by a Hurricane and a Spitfire—at mid-day on September 15. Displays of aircraft at Horse Guards Parade and in Battersea Park; the mooring near Tower Bridge of one of the Sunderlands to take part in the British North Greenland Expedition, and an exhibition in the Assembly Hall of the Air Ministry were other features. Fifty-six R.A.F. stations were to be "At Home"; and on Sunday, September 19, the annual service was to be celebrated at Westminster Abbey and a drumhead service at the R.A.F. station at Biggin Hill. —On September 11, Grimsby honoured No. 12 Bomber Squadron, stationed at Binbrook, by conferring on the squadron the marching freedom of the borough. The scroll was presented by the Mayor in the People's Park, and in his speech he referred to the fact that the R.A.F. station at Binbrook was very largely built by Grimsby men and that every bomber which left Binbrook during the war on a bombing flight flew over Grimsby.

DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF A COLLISION AT SEA.

On September 6, the 16,000-ton liner *Italia* collided at Cuxhaven with the tug *Fairplay I.*, which was towing her. The five-year-old son of the master of the tug and the radio operator were both trapped and drowned, but fifteen other persons leapt into the sea and were rescued. Little damage was done to the liner.



THE FIRST STAGE IN A TRAGIC AND FATAL COLLISION, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR: THE BOWS OF THE 16,000-TON LINER *ITALIA* IN CONTACT WITH THE TUG *FAIRPLAY I.*



THE CAPSIZED TUG, *FAIRPLAY I.*, LYING ON HER SIDE, ALONGSIDE THE STILL-MOVING LINER *ITALIA* IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE COLLISION AT CUXHAVEN, GERMANY.



THE LAST STAGE OF THE DISASTER: TWO MEN AND A WOMAN, CLINGING TO THE BOWS OF THE FAST-SINKING TUG, AND PREPARING TO LEAP INTO THE SEA.



HER FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT: PRINCESS MARGRIET OF THE NETHERLANDS POURING WATER INTO A VESSEL WHEN SHE OPENED THE NEW HALL OF THE UTRECHT FAIR. Princess Margriet of the Netherlands, who was born in Ottawa in 1943, fulfilled her first public engagement on September 7 when she opened the new hall of the Utrecht Fair—the "Princess Margriethall"—in the presence of her mother, Queen Juliana, who can be seen in our photograph (right). The Princess poured clear water into a glass vessel, and when this reached the top and had changed into orange (in honour of the House of Orange), the name of the new hall was unveiled.



ATTENDED BY THE QUEEN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY: THE 1954 BRAEMAR GATHERING—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE.



IN THE ROYAL PAVILION AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING? (L. TO R.) PRINCESS MARGARET; THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN; THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH; H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE QUEEN MOTHER. THE QUEEN HAD DRIVEN OVER FROM BALMORAL. A crowd of 20,000 attended the 1954 Braemar Gathering on September 9 and gave a great welcome to the Queen and members of the Royal family. Many people stood for hours in drenching rain to see the Royal visitors. The Gathering triumphed over the bad weather, and the programme of piping, dancing and athletics was enjoyed by spectators and participants alike. The Queen was presented with a bouquet of white heather tied with the Royal Stuart tartan.

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: ROYAL OCCASIONS IN SCOTLAND, CANADA AND THE NETHERLANDS.



ARRIVING IN MONTREAL ON THE LAST STAGE OF THEIR CANADIAN TOUR: THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA SEEN WITH THE ACTING MAYOR, COUNCILLOR ARTHUR TREMBLAY. IN THE BACKGROUND IS ST. JAMES'S CATHEDRAL.



ON PARADE FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR REVIEW BY A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY: A GUARDSMAN OF CANADA'S NEW REGIMENT OF CANADIAN GUARDS SEEN DURING AN INSPECTION BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT. The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra arrived in Montreal on September 8 for a seven-day stay in the Montreal district as the last stage of their Canadian tour. On parade for the first time for review by a member of the Royal family was the 1st Battalion, The Regiment of Canadian Guards. It was announced in May that the Queen had approved the formation of the Regiment and had graciously consented to be its Colonel-in-Chief.

ROMAN ART AMONG THE BARBARIANS.

"ROME BEYOND THE IMPERIAL FRONTIERS"; by SIR MORTIMER WHEELER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER is a man of varied experience and comprehensive knowledge. Between the two Wars, in both of which he served, he earned high rank as a digger by his careful excavations and records at Roman St. Albans and elsewhere; the sensible severity of his methods of finding and of description came out in the *Manual for diggers*, which he produced a few months ago, and which he was experienced enough to have produced before Hitler's War. When the war ended he went off to supervise Archaeology for the Government of India: and a find in India gave his thoughts a new direction: towards, that is, the dispersion of Roman objects, or "artefacts," beyond the frontiers of the Empire in its prime, and the human activities, commercial and æsthetic, to which such dispersion is testimony.

Of Rome in Europe, in North Africa, and in the Near (now, for some unknown reason, or lack of reason, called the Middle) East he had always, like every educated man, been aware. But there came a day when the long arm of Rome surprised him. "This little book," he says, "first took shape on a hot May

morning in 1945, when an Indian student of mine emerged excitedly from a deep trench beside the Bay of Bengal waving a large slice of a red dish in his hand. Removal of the slimy sea-mud revealed the dish as a signed work of a potter whose kilns flourished nearly 2000 years ago and 5000 miles away, on the outskirts of Arezzo, in Tuscany." That was "terra sigillata," otherwise known as Samian ware (though it has no connection whatever with the island of Samos), which was first made in Italy, and later in the Roman Rhineland and the Roman South of France; which is to be found in quantities (I have myself disinterred fragments from the Thames mud) wherever the Roman rule was imposed, and, in diminishing amounts, as the frontier recedes, in all the parts of the world wherein the rumour of the Roman renown was known, which led to the popularity, after passing from trader to trader, of anything made by Roman hands. Not only the merely useful Roman things, like pots, or the useful, but more ornamental and expensive vessels, like bronze and silver jugs and bowls, or the non-utilitarian statuettes, spread over all the then-known world, but Roman coins. In some parts the coins may have been

the time when an English sovereign was a sort of passport, before the days when Britain, under the compulsion of war, debased, perhaps irretrievably, her currency. But elsewhere, especially in certain parts of India, where a local coinage existed and mere barter of goods had ceased to prevail, Roman coins were regarded as units of precious metal. They were defaced, "slighted," scratches made across the Emperors' noses: they were commodities, worth their weight in gold, and to be weighed as gold. Pursuing his Indian researches, Sir Mortimer found a great many of these coins. They threw light on Indian history for him: and further light when he discovered that there was, in the diggings, marked shortage of the coins of Nero, who debased the coinage and should be regarded as the Founder of Modern Economics.

The Samian dish on the fringe of the Bay of Bengal roused Sir Mortimer's imagination. There was Rome, with its cultivated upper-class, its artists drawn from conquered Greece, its skyscrapers, its circuses, its gladiatorial games, its law, order, legions and power: and beyond Rome there was

"Free Germany" (the term is here used of Barbarian Germany), the vague peoples of the North and East, and the ancient peoples of Asia. "How far," he asked

elements," says he. "Should doubtless be ascribed to infiltration through India rather than to any more direct contact with the West. Nevertheless, it is a noteworthy coincidence that at the time of Marcus Aurelius the *Han Annals* attribute the arrival of an embassy from 'An-tun' (Marcus Aurelius Antoninus), at the Chinese court and the first opening-up of intercourse with Ta-ts'in or the Roman Empire. The entry is as follows: 'They [the Romans] make coins of gold and silver. . . . They traffic by sea with An-hsi [Parthia] and T'ien-chu [India], the profit of which is tenfold. They are honest in their transactions, and there are no double prices. . . . The budget is based on a well-filled treasury.'"

I do not know if the ancient Chinese Chronicles are still being carried on: although, as the saying goes, "I wouldn't put it past" the Chinese, whether in Pekin or in Formosa, for they are tenacious of tradition. They have recently had a visit from another Western Empire. Klem-Att-Li has drunk their rice-wine and eaten their sharks' fins, and their birds' nest soup, so also Ny-Bev-An and a female companion whose name would probably be translated as "Surpassing Beauty of the Summer Lakes." I cannot conceive what Klem-Att-Li or Ny-Bev-An may have said to the present rulers of China. But at least they can hardly, unless living in a world of dreams beyond their ordinary one, have told the Chinese that our "budget is based on a well-filled treasury."

I have wandered, I fear. But when all human history is displayed before one there is a temptation to wander. Sir Mortimer, after all, tempted me. He surveys the history of mankind, if not "from China to Peru," at least from China to Colchester, with divagations into the Far North and the Sahara, where also those Roman penetrations are to be found.

I suppose that, 2000 years hence, somebody like myself may be writing about the British Empire, long ago "liquidated." Physical evidences of its existence there will be everywhere! Hellenic post-offices in Northern-India, for example. Coins, I suppose, there will be. But I'm not so sure about the statues. The Romans (though it must be admitted that they got it all second-hand from the Greeks) did



FROM THE BEGRAM HOARD: A STUCCO MEDALLION REPRESENTING ATHENA. SUCH MEDALLIONS WERE USED AS MODELS BY METAL-WORKERS, WHO TRANSFERRED THEM TO THE SILVER DISHES FOR WHICH ALEXANDRIA AND OTHER GRAECO-ROMAN CENTRES WERE FAMOUS.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Rome Beyond the Imperial Frontiers"; by courtesy of the publishers, G. Bell and Sons.



FROM THE HILDESHEIM HOARD, HANOVER: A SILVER TWO-HANDLED DISH, ELABORATELY ORNAMENTED WITH HONEYSUCKLE AND LOTUS PATTERNS AND WITH A SEATED FIGURE OF ATHENA SET AS A CENTRAL EMBLEMA IN HIGH RELIEF.

himself, "did the Roman influence extend beyond the frontiers of the Roman Empire?"

The answer seems to be "almost everywhere." In one of the few sensible remarks to be found in "Hitler's Table-Talk" that altogether-too-energetic smatterer brushes aside German idealists who produced certain old objects as evidence of ancient German Kultur by saying that they weren't produced on native soil but quite obviously exchanged for Baltic amber. Hitler's observation is confirmed by Sir Mortimer's book. The Roman matrons wanted amber beads—as, from other countries, they wanted furs or ivory—and the local chieftains wanted the products of Roman craftsmanship, and so the deals were made. Then, in those cold Northern climes, the leaders of the tribes began to think that they must invade the South, not in search merely of physical loot, but of some magical elegance and serenity of which the South seemed to be possessed. Arminius, who destroyed those legions of Varus, the loss of which made Augustus weep, had himself been the commander of a Roman legion. He, muscled like Hercules, and aware of a desperate courage, could not bear the superiority of a civilized people. The Germans, to me (as to Lord Vansittart), seem to have been much the same through all the ages.

At this moment, the problem of the Germans is acute. But let me get back to my book. It would be possible to argue that those parts of Europe which might conceivably make a "Pax Romana," and unitedly confront the rest of the world, are those parts which were occupied by the Romans. They certainly left their marks, in our minds as on our art. And Sir Mortimer traces those marks, as disclosed by things dug up all over the Old World, from Sweden to the Sahara.

Even in the Far East. Sir Mortimer discusses objects dug up by the Mekong. "All these Western



FROM THE BEGRAM HOARD: A BRONZE FIGURINE OF AN ARMED HORSEMAN IN CLASSICAL GARB.

disseminate art. What have we disseminated? Justice and Honour, I hope. But, here again, I roam from my subject, which is the excavation of Roman remains all over the Old World.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 480 of this issue.



SHOWING A COARSER, LESS ACADEMIC HANDLING THAN THE DISH: A SILVER TRAY FROM THE HILDESHEIM HOARD, HANOVER, WHICH HAS VIGOROUS REPRESENTATIONS OF DUCK RISING FROM THE WATER OR DIVING.

treated merely as coins, probably superior to any local money: people of my generation can remember

* "Rome Beyond the Imperial Frontiers." By Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Professor of the Archaeology of the Roman Provinces in the University of London. Illustrated. (Bell; 25s.)

THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA—A DANGER SPOT IN THE WORLD TO-DAY.



THE MOST LIKELY PLACE FOR A CHINESE COMMUNIST LANDING: THE WEST COAST OF FORMOSA; SHOWING THE COASTAL PLAIN, WITH THE MOUNTAINS OF THE CENTRAL MASSIF IN THE DISTANCE.



RESEMBLING A MOSAIC: AN AERIAL VIEW OF FARMLAND IN THE HILLY REGIONS OF FORMOSA. THE DARK PATCHES ARE RICE PADDY FIELDS, PARTLY SUBMERGED IN WATER.



TAIPEI, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA, WHICH IS ABOUT A QUARTER OF THE SIZE OF ENGLAND, SHOWING (CENTRE) THE LARGE BUILDING WHICH IS CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S H.Q.

Should Communist China attempt to seize the island of Formosa, 100 miles east of the Chinese mainland and the last bastion of Nationalist China under President Chiang Kai-shek, the logical sequence of events would be for their forces to occupy the Nationalist-held islands near the mainland and to use them as "stepping-stones" to their objective. The Quemoy group, only four miles from Communist territory, is the nearest of these, and recent reports indicate that the Communists have concentrated a force, estimated at about 150,000 men, along the Fukien coast in the Formosa Strait. On September 3, Communist forces in Amoy began shelling Quemoy Island with 8000 shells; and they have kept up such attacks since. The shelling is, presumably, preliminary to an all-out



A LUSCIOUS, FERTILE, TROPICAL ISLAND: ANOTHER AERIAL VIEW OF FORMOSA, SHOWING A SMALL VILLAGE IN THE MIDDLE OF A LARGE AREA OF WELL-CULTIVATED FIELDS.

attempt at seizing this well-defended base. On September 7 Chinese Nationalist bombers, warships and artillery retaliated by making a heavy attack on Communist positions around Amoy, and on days following have repeated such attacks. On September 9, Mr. Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, on his arrival in Formosa to meet Chiang Kai-shek, said that the United States was standing by Nationalist China against "aggression." Formosa was taken by Japan from China in 1895. In Cairo in 1943 the Western Powers declared that the island should be returned to China after the war. Pending the Japanese Peace Treaty Chiang Kai-shek took *de facto* possession in 1945. In 1949 he was driven by Communist forces from the Chinese mainland to Formosa, where he has been ever since.

TRAINING IN ANTICIPATION OF A COMMUNIST ARMY IN FORMOSA LEARNING TO HANDLE



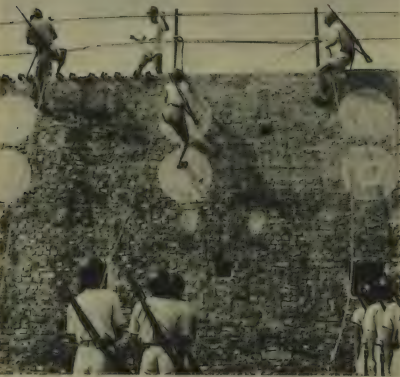
PREPARING FOR A POSSIBLE D-DAY: MARINE RECRUITS TO CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S ARMY IN FORMOSA LEARNING TO ASSEMBLE MACHINE-GUNS BLINDFOLDED, WHILST OTHERS PRACTISE SEMAPHORE.



PRESIDENT CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S HEADQUARTERS IN THE CENTRAL SQUARE OF TAIPEI, THE MODERN CAPITAL OF FORMOSA. THE BUILDING IS ALSO THE H.Q. OF THE U.S. ARMY ON THE ISLAND.

AS is reported on page 455 of this issue, air and artillery duels between Communist Chinese forces and forces of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Army around the Nationalist-held island of Quemoy, in the Formosa Strait, are the cause of considerable concern and anxiety throughout the world to-day. In anticipation of any all-out attempt by Communist China to seize the island of Formosa itself, about 100 miles from the Chinese mainland, the Army of Chiang Kai-shek, amounting to possibly a million men, has been undergoing intensive training, and the photographs which we reproduce here give some idea of the extent of that training. Although most of the soldiers are veterans who have not fought since Chiang Kai-shek was driven from the mainland to Formosa. In 1949, the Army,

(Continued opposite.



FUTURE COMMANDOS OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S NATIONALIST ARMY: MARINE AND NAVAL CADETS LEARNING TO SCALE A HIGH WALL WITH THE AID OF A ROPE.



WHERE VETERANS OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S NATIONALIST ARMY AND NEW RECRUITS CONSCRIPTED IN FORMOSA ARE DRILLED: A GIANTIC BARRACK SQUARE ON THE ISLAND, SHOWING TROOPS IN SUN HELMETS PRACTISING WITH MORTARS.



TRAINING WITH A 105 MM. HOWITZER SUPPLIED BY THE U.S. ARMY: A NATIONALIST ARMY GUN DETACHMENT MANHANDLING THEIR WEAPON INTO POSITION.



NAVAL CADETS TRAINING ON AN A.A. GUN AT AN ACADEMY IN FORMOSA. THE NATIONALIST NAVY CONSISTS OF ABOUT EIGHTY SHIPS, INCLUDING ONE DESTROYER.

ATTACK: RECRUITS TO THE CHINESE NATIONALIST THE WEAPONS SUPPLIED BY THE UNITED STATES.



REHEARSING A FAR EASTERN "NORMANDY" OPERATION IN PREPARATION FOR ANY INVASION OF THE CHINESE MAINLAND: NATIONALIST TROOPS LANDING ON THE BEACHES OF FORMOSA.



ON THE BARRACK SQUARE: NEW RECRUITS, FORMOSAN AS WELL AS CHINESE NATIONALISTS, BEING PUT THROUGH THEIR PAGES IN FORMOSA UNDER THE BROILING SUN.



TANK MANOEUVRES IN FORMOSA: THESE ONCE DEMILITARISED TANKS WERE REHEARSED WITH JAPANESE HOWITZERS AFTER THE U.S. ARMY HAD DISARMED THEM BY REMOVING THE GUNS BEFORE HANDING THEM OVER TO NATIONALIST CHINA.

Continued] equipped and trained by the United States, is still a formidable force. In addition, there is a Navy, consisting of about eighty ships, including one destroyer, six destroyer escorts, ten tank-landing craft, minesweepers and smaller patrol and landing craft; and an Air Force which has as its principal striking power four groups of piston-engine bombers, one group of light bombers, and some jet fighters. Apart from the island of Formosa, Nationalist China controls the Quemoy group, four miles from the Chinese mainland, and the Pescadores, a group of small islands thirty miles off the west coast of Formosa. In 1950 the United States Government made a unilateral declaration committing the naval and air units of the Seventh Fleet to the defence of Formosa.



COMPARING THEIR RESPECTIVE PATROL ROUTES: WELL-EQUIPPED CHINESE NATIONALIST FIGHTER PILOTS IN FORMOSA AFTER RETURNING FROM A MISSION.



MANNING TANKS, SUPPLIED TO THEM BY THE U.S. ARMY, DURING MANOEUVRES: CREWS OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S ARMOURD FORCES IN FORMOSA.



FIGHTER PILOTS BEING BRIEFED BEFORE TAKING OFF ON A MISSION. THE AIR FORCE HAS FOUR GROUPS OF FIGHTER-BOMBERS AND ONE GROUP OF LIGHT BOMBERS.

I HAVE been studying with fascination three photographs reproduced on page 381 in the issue of September 4. The central one of the group is the most interesting of the three. One figure in it is plump and, the weather being warm, carries a small fan. His smile is completely natural, which is rather unusual in posed photographs. This man is obviously enjoying himself. He is master of the occasion and of the situation. All is going well for him and he is at his ease. Over his shoulder can be seen the face of a lady. She also is smiling, but with a difference. There is an artificiality about her smile because it is so clearly the product of stern determination. At all costs she must smile. Without analysing her sentiments, I can say without fear of contradiction that she is not enjoying herself nearly as much as is the debonair figure in front of her.

Another figure, who is in the front row, is made of sterner stuff. He is too strong-minded to don a smile as one dons a tie; concluding that the weather is too hot for ties he is not wearing one, and feeling out of the mood for a smile he is not wearing it either. Men from the part of England he comes from are not given to assuming a pleasure they do not feel, even on the most social of occasions. He would appear to be studying glumly a fly on the ceiling or high on the wall behind the photographer's head. He has this, and this only, in common with the plump gentleman with the fan, that he shows no sign of embarrassment. Between the happy man and the glum stands yet another figure. To look at him wrings my heart. If the lady's smile is an effort, his would appear to be an agony. His arms hang straight and stiffly pressed to his sides. His head is bent forward. I hesitate to attempt an interpretation of his thoughts, but venture a suggestion that "How I wish I were out of here!" would not be far from the mark. The happy man with the fan is, I need hardly say, Mao Tse-tung, the lady with the fixed smile, Dr. Summer-skill, the glum fly-watcher, Mr. Sam Watson, and the agonised smiler, Mr. Attlee.

One of the other photographs is entitled "Refreshment under the trees at the Temple of Heaven." How lovely a name and what a masterpiece in the art of caption-writing!

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears

To-day of past regrets and future fears.

The reality, alas! appears less beautiful than the description. This picture, however, has its own importance, because it contains a fifth portrait and one which by some fantastic oversight—it could not, of course, be malice—was left out of that previously described. This man is even plumper than the gentleman with the fan and tie-less, like the glum gentleman. He is one of the happy. He is obviously pleased with his surroundings and with himself. Now I ask all who have not cheated by looking up the photographs to guess his identity. Everyone is right: Mr. Bevan.

It might be said that Mr. Attlee's obvious unhappiness and Mr. Bevan's obvious happiness were respectively due to the fact that the former was shy, for a politician, and the latter the reverse, even for a politician. There would perhaps be a measure of truth in this supposition, but not the whole truth. The main factor lies in the burden of responsibility. To Mr. Attlee it has always been heavy. He realises acutely that his words, together with his photographs, go round the world. And on this mission in particular the realisation must have been present in his mind at every moment. I will not go so far as to say that from time to time he felt it would have been better not to have undertaken it. I hazard a guess that he wished the programme had been less flamboyant—but if this were so it indicated a failure of prescience, since flamboyancy was inevitable. Borne forward by a sense of duty, he was visiting, in a social way, a Government which had shown a certain hostility to the country of which he had been Prime Minister, and which made little secret of the fact that it would like to see him in that office again. Hard critics might even say that it was making propaganda and acquiring prestige out of his visit.

Mr. Bevan was in a stronger position. He is one of those lucky men who bear the burden of responsibility so lightly, so airily, that you might almost think he did not feel it, though there, of course, you would be wrong. So his bonhomie was natural and in character. Whatever may have been in the thoughts of Mr. Attlee, we may feel sure that no questioning of his rectitude and prudence in making the tour crossed the mind of Mr. Bevan. It may even be that the disquietude of Mr. Attlee was increased by looking at Mr. Bevan and that the pleasure of Mr. Bevan was enhanced by looking at Mr. Attlee. How greatly to be envied is the man who can carry the gay and insouciant spirit of Mr. Bevan to scenes where grim possibilities lurk in ambush and can disregard the effect of statements which he makes on the spur of the moment! It makes matters easy for him, at the time at all events. Towards the end of the Chinese tour Mr. Bevan took the centre of the stage and Mr. Attlee retired to a wing, though whether of his own volition or through the superior dramatic powers of Mr. Bevan it is hard to say.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

"WANDERING ON A FOREIGN STRAND."

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.



"WE FOUND, AS WE EXPECTED, THAT CHINA WAS BEING RUN BY COMMUNISTS, WITH WHOSE PRINCIPLES WE DO NOT AGREE": MR. ATTLEE, AT THE HONG KONG PRESS CONFERENCE HE ADDRESSED AFTER THE LABOUR PARTY DELEGATION HAD LEFT CHINA.



"WE BELIEVE THAT WE IN BRITAIN HAVE MUCH TO BE ASHAMED OF IN OUR IMPERIAL PAST": MR. ANEURIN BEVAN, WITH DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, AT THE TOKYO MEETING, SPONSORED BY THE TWO JAPANESE LABOUR PARTIES, AT WHICH THEY AND MR. WILFRED BURKE, VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE LABOUR PARTY, SPOKE.

In his article on this page Captain Falls, writing about the visit of the Labour Party delegation to Communist China, refers to the different reactions and temperaments of Mr. Attlee and Mr. Aneurin Bevan. When the delegation left China, via Hong Kong (which they reached in the first train to cross the border since 1949), they divided, Mr. Attlee leaving for Australia, which he is visiting at the invitation of the Australian Labour Party, the remainder of the delegation paying a brief visit to Japan at the invitation of the two wings of the Japanese Socialist Party, at present in opposition to the Government and to each other. The principal rally in Tokyo was attended by about 3000 persons, who received Mr. Bevan's remarks with great applause—especially the one quoted above. Captain Falls comments on other points made by Mr. Bevan. At Hong Kong Mr. Attlee gave a Press conference in the course of which he, in effect, cautiously summarised his reactions to Communist China. He was aware, he said, of a general impression of good will and the need for closer contact, which might have the effect of removing some of China's cherished delusions about the West. Despite disagreement with the Chinese Government's principles, they had been impressed by certain definite reforms, by the incorruptibility of the Government and by its energy. They had not expected to find much personal freedom, and trade unionism in China was merely a Government instrument to secure increased production. He had found that Chinese Communism differed from the Russian variety in practice, with little interference with retail traders. He had also suggested to Mao Tse-tung that he should recommend to Mr. Malenkov that Russia could well set an example in a general reduction of armaments and that "we believe in the freedom of people to manage their own affairs and do not believe it useful for the Communist Party to be constantly running intrigues in other people's countries." On September 9 *Pravda*, commenting on Mr. Attlee's remarks at Hong Kong, described him as "a tool of reactionary circles," and "no friend of Soviet Russia and Communist China."

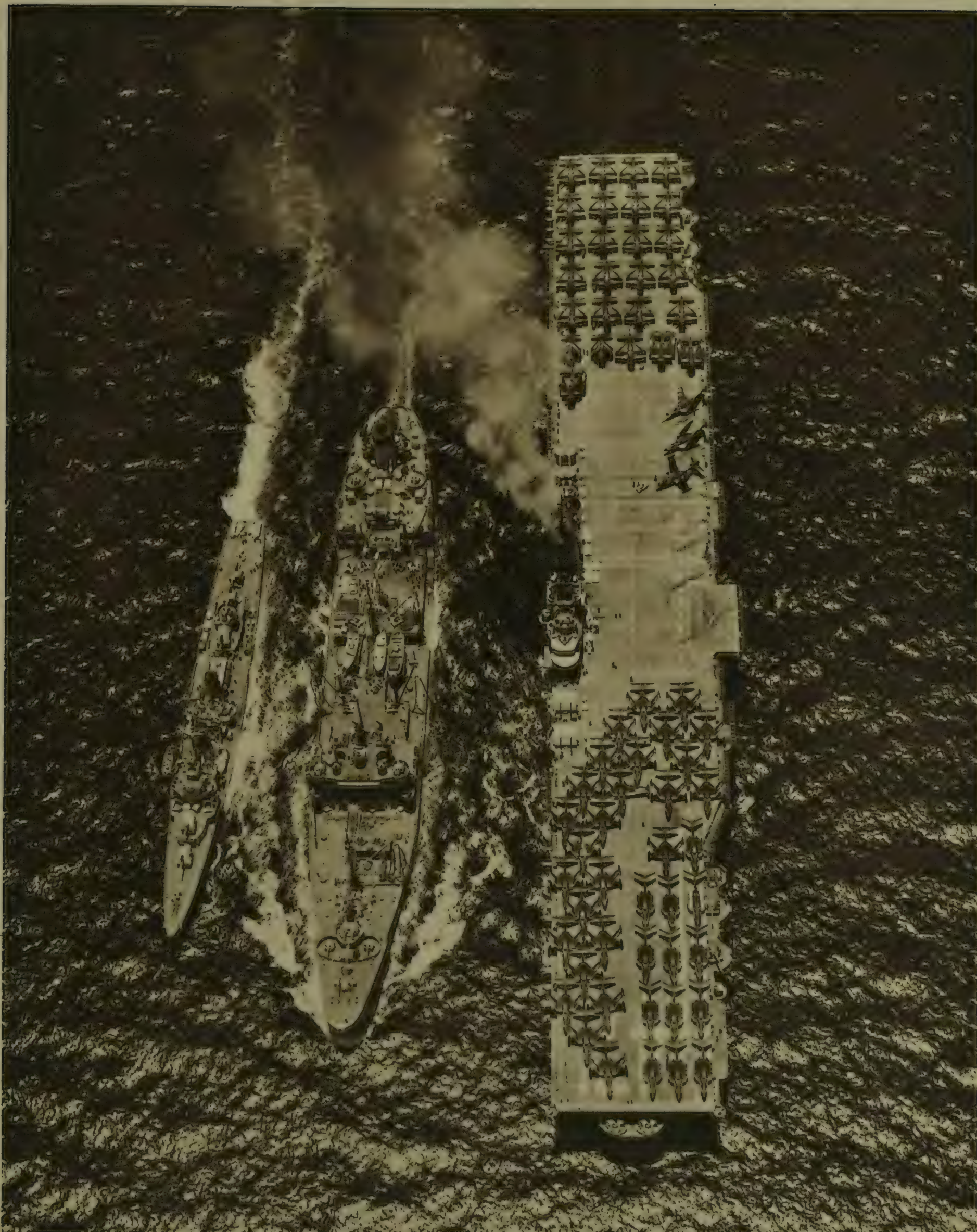
And yet this habit of speaking before you think what you are going to say, or at any rate, while you are thinking, which is popular with the naturally eloquent, can lead to some strange statements. Mr. Bevan went on from the Temple of Heaven to another visit. He is reported to have said to the Japanese Socialist parties: "We do not think atom bombs or hydrogen bombs are a civilised way of arbitrating between nations." Now this is puzzling. Nobody has ever thought of using atom bombs as a means of arbitration. Nobody will ever do so. It might be reasonable to say that atom bombs are a bad substitute for arbitration. It would of course be excessively platitudinous, but then politicians are allowed a quota of platitudes by custom. Perhaps some will say that there is not a lot of difference between the two propositions. No, not very much; but the first would sound like nonsense from less eminent lips, whereas the second makes sense. I feel glad for Mr. Attlee's sake that he was not sitting in the front row on this occasion.

Mr. Bevan showed, however, that he could do much better than this. "We believe that we in Britain have much to be ashamed of in our imperial past," Mr. Bevan told his Japanese hearers. A touching piece of humility, which I hope was well received. I find it particularly praiseworthy that the speaker should have sustained the note. He would have spoiled the effect and given less pleasure to his audience had he even hinted that we had one or two trifles to be proud of. In another part, again, the orator lived up to his deservedly great reputation for humour. He told the Japanese audience that the working class could not afford the luxury of a split party. The audience laughed and Mr. Bevan, like a true humorist, laughed with it. He was also statesmanlike. There were differences between Communist countries and the rest of the world, true. But then there were also differences between Britain and the United States. "But we do not believe we should settle these differences by going to war with the United States." There can be no charge of rashness here. This was well thought out.

Mr. Bevan also told the meeting, with an eye on the Manila Conference, that his party did not believe that statesmen contributed to peace by fixing up alliances which excluded other nations. No one can deny that this was courageous. It condemns N.A.T.O., Benelux, and Anzus by inference. I am not so sure that it does not even condemn the United Nations. It does not accord altogether with some of the utterances of the party to which the speaker belongs. But it certainly seems to have accorded with the sentiments of those who heard it. They, doubtless, will long remember the day when the great orator from the West stood upon their platform in Tokyo and discoursed to them with the wisdom of the West. Doubtless, too, Mr. Bevan would have addressed the Opposition in China had there been one. One possible criticism is that it seems a little unfair to have entered into relations with the Chinese Government and left out the Japanese. A reasonable answer is that he had been invited by the Chinese and not by the Japanese.

To sum up, we need not take too censorious a view of this Eastern mission. By the time these words are read we shall possibly have heard from Mr. Attlee some comments suggesting that China is not altogether an earthly paradise, perhaps even some warnings that she may not be as firmly wedded to a policy of peace as his hosts desired that he should conclude. The tour has undoubtedly been employed by these hosts to boost the Communist régime in China. It should be noted, however, that its strength stands little in need of a boost and that Communist China is already established as a great Power. What is more in question is its internal progress, and, far more important still, its designs with regard to the rest of the world. The mission saw little of the former—in relation to the immense size and population of the country—and its members must have been good character readers if they divined much of the latter. Inscrutability is one of the Chinese qualities which does not change very much with changing régimes. Still, one picks up more on the spot than by reading the news at home.

On the favourable side, the visit may have done something to decrease China's isolation from the Western world. Whatever our opinions on other matters, we are likely to agree that this extreme isolation constitutes in itself an element of danger. It may even be that the tourists uttered some home truths which they were too polite—or too much in awe of Mr. Morgan Phillips, as some feline British journalists suggested—to make public. No-one in this country has become as excited about the subject as many commentators in the United States, but it seems to me that they often exaggerate the amount of harm that has been done. On the question of dignity, we must all be the judges of our actions from that point of view. It must have been because Mr. Attlee had begun to feel doubts on that subject that he always looked so ill at ease. This, of course, is pure guesswork. One other conclusion may be reached with confidence: if ever Mr. Attlee sets forth again on a similar expedition, to Temples of Heaven or less sanctified sites, it will not be in company with Mr. Bevan.



A DIFFICULT AND SOMETIMES HAZARDOUS OPERATION: REFUELLING SHIPS OF THE U.S. NAVY WHILE UNDER WAY AT SEA. THE FLEET OILER *CHEMUNG* (CENTRE), WITH THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *PHILIPPINE SEA* AND THE DESTROYER *ERBEN*.

In the remarkable aerial photograph which we reproduce above, the camera has caught with great clearness of detail the difficult and, in bad weather, sometimes hazardous operation of refuelling two warships abeam from a tanker while all are under way at sea. Seen steaming together in Far Eastern waters, these three ships of the United States Navy are, from left to right, the Fletcher-class destroyer U.S.S. *Erben*, of 2050 tons; the Fleet oiler U.S.S. *Chemung*, of 7256 tons; and the Attack and Support Aircraft-Carrier U.S.S. *Philippine Sea*, of 27,100 tons,

with rows of aircraft, some with wings folded, gleaming in the sun on her flight-deck. When refuelling at sea a steady course and speed by the supplying ship and correct station-keeping by the receiving ships are most important. Above, a hose can be seen connected to *Philippine Sea's* fuelling system from *Chemung*, while further aft of the tanker another hose is in the act of being passed to the aircraft-carrier. On *Chemung's* starboard side two cranes can be seen rigged with hoses which men on the deck of *Erben* are standing by to receive.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IT has never been my good fortune—if, indeed, it would be good fortune—to eat a really ripe pomegranate, of a really good variety, freshly-gathered, in one of the countries

where the fruit is well grown and taken seriously.

As a small boy, I used to buy the things and try to persuade myself that I enjoyed eating them. I call them "things" deliberately. As an article of food and refreshment they ranked low even in my urchin estimation. As an occupation they were not without merit. Being 90 per cent. pips, they afforded grand scope for spitting out. But how much better were cherries, whose flesh was truly palatable, and whose stones one could spit twice as far.

To-day I am only interested in the pomegranate (*Punica granatum*) as a flowering shrub, and in that occupation it ranks very high indeed. I must confess, however, that my practical experience of growing *Punica* is limited.

Some years ago my friend, Archie Balfour, who manages Messrs. Sutton's seed trial grounds at Slough, showed me a frameful of natty little pot-grown bushes of the pigmy pomegranate, each a foot or so high, and carrying a tremendous crop of waxy scarlet blossoms. He gave me one, which I grew and enjoyed for several years. In the end it became a war casualty, like so many other good plants.

Last summer I was given another specimen of the pigmy pomegranate by Mrs. Dyson Perrins, who had met the plant in South Africa, brought home a fruit, extracted and sown its seeds and raised a batch of youngsters. I admire that sort of gardening enterprise as greatly as I appreciate that sort of generosity. I was enchanted to possess *Punica granatum nana* again, and at once honoured the little 5-in. bush by planting it in a Celadon-green Japanese pot which had once harboured a dwarf pine. It spent the winter in a sunny, unheated greenhouse. In this I took a greater risk than I realised at the time. For weeks on end all soil in the greenhouse was frozen solid. But all was well. Spring warmth and sunshine caused every leafless twig of my pomegranate to sprout with countless shoots. By midsummer the plant was a neat globe of tiny, narrow, glossy leaves and had gained about 3 ins. in both height and width, and by early August there were between forty and fifty minute scarlet flower-buds showing, each carried on the tip of an incredibly slender stem. The first flowers opened in mid-August, and consisted of a glossy, waxy, five-pointed, bell-shaped calyx-tube, with petals of crumpled silk. The whole flower, calyx-tube and petals, was brilliant, sealing-wax red, and seemed strangely large for so small a bush and for the thread-thin stem which carried it. The remaining buds, in all stages of development, from pin-head to pea-sizes, are now in early September responding rapidly to warmer, sunnier weather, and give promise of a wonderful show of colour before autumn intervenes.

This miniature pomegranate is grown a great deal, I believe, on the Continent, especially as a pot plant,

POMEGRANATES

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and it would be well worth more extensive cultivation in this country. It is so easy to manage and so extremely decorative as a room plant in later summer. The fact, too, that it may be wintered in an unheated greenhouse, a cold frame or on a sunny window-sill in the house brings it within the scope of the widest range of amateur gardeners. In a more reasonably civilised summer than the one we have just suffered, it might be expected to flower earlier than mine has done this year.

As a flowering shrub for growing in the open air, the pomegranate has been strangely neglected. It is best, no doubt, in the warmer southern counties, and even there it should be given the comfort of a south

one might just as well plant the more showy double-flowered, non-fruiting forms, especially the scarlet.

Last summer I decided to try the experiment of raising pomegranate plants from seed. But even the ripest-looking fruit I could find in any shop somehow did not look very convincing. It lacked that ruddy, tawny complexion which a pomegranate should have. So I put it on the mantelpiece in the kitchen to mature until further orders. There it sat, half-forgotten until July of this year, by which time it had acquired the tough, tawny, leathery texture of an unloved aunt who darkened my childhood. Tough? She seemed incapable of death, and likely to see all

of us, even the youngest, into our graves. When I eventually cut my pomegranate open the seed-filled fruit grains were still surprisingly fresh-looking, and sown in a pan in a cold frame they germinated within a week or two, a forest of thick, kidney-shaped first leaves from between which the young, glossy true leaves are now sprouting.

As far back as 1596 Gerard, writing of the pomegranate, said: "I have recovered divers young trees hereof, by sowing of the seed or grains of the height of three or four cubits, attending God's leisure for flowers and fruits." I, too, am "attending God's leisure for flowers." It seldom fruits in this country, and still more seldom ripens fruit.

That great gardener, Canon Ellacombe, says in his "Plant Lore of Shakespeare": "In all the southern parts of England it grows very well, and is one of the very best trees we have to cover a south wall; it also grows well in towns, as may be seen at Bath, where a great many fine specimens have been planted in the areas in front of the houses where they have grown to a considerable height. When thus planted and properly pruned, the tree will bear its beautiful flowers from May all through the summer; but generally the tree is pruned so that it cannot flower. It should be pruned like a Banksian rose, and other plants that bear their flowers on last year's shoots—i.e., simply thinned, but not cut back or spurred." That is valuable advice regarding a most beautiful but sadly-neglected flowering shrub. As a further testimony to the decorative beauty of the pomegranate, Canon Ellacombe mentions that it was selected for the choicest ornaments on the ark of the Tabernacle, on the priests' vestments and on

the rich capitals of the pillars of the Temple of Solomon.

It would be interesting to know how truly delicious the pomegranate is at its best, and in the countries where it flourishes. The specimens we get in the shops here are probably deplorably poor specimens. It was one of the Egyptian delicacies that the Israelites fondly remembered during their desert wanderings. But that surely is not a reliable criterion for us to judge by. During those wanderings anything juicy would doubtless have seemed heaven. Moreover, in those days fruit standards had not reached the level of Cox's Orange Pippin apples, Doyenne du Comice pears, and Royal Sovereign strawberries.



LITTLE-KNOWN IN THIS COUNTRY, BUT "GROWN A GREAT DEAL, I BELIEVE, ON THE CONTINENT, ESPECIALLY AS A POT PLANT": THE PIGMY POMEGRANATE, *PUNICA GRANATUM NANA*, HERE SHOWN IN THE WHITE-FLOWERED FORM. EACH FLOWER CONSISTS OF "A GLOSSY, WAXY, FIVE-POINTED, BELL-SHAPED CALYX-TUBE, WITH PETALS OF CRUMPLED SILK . . . STRANGELY LARGE FOR THE THREAD-THIN STEM."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

or a west wall at its back. It may, too, be grown in a tub or a large pot for standing out in the open during the summer, much as orange trees and specimen fuchsias are often grown. Grown thus, the pomegranate requires the same winter protection, either under glass or in some airy shed. The flowering period of the pomegranate, grown in the open, is given as July to September. In addition to the normal pomegranate, with single flowers, and the pigmy form, there are in cultivation a variety with double scarlet flowers and one with double white flowers, both of which make a greater show than the single, and as fruit is seldom produced and only very rarely ripened in this country,



THE MIRACLE OF SPRING AND THE MYSTERY OF THE EAST UNITED IN A CAMERA STUDY: "SOUTHERN SPRING," BY YAN FOOK-LEUN, WHICH CAPTURES THE LUMINOSITY AND DELICATE BRUSHWORK OF A CHINESE PAINTING.

The 45th International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography opened on September 11 at the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 26-27, Conduit Street, London, W.1. The exhibition will remain open daily (except Sundays) from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. until October 9. The exhibits, selected from entries received from all over the world, number over 400, and fully maintain the aim of the

London Salon, which is "to exhibit only that class of work in pictorial photography in which there is distinct evidence of personal artistic feeling and execution." One of these exhibits, "Southern Spring," reproduced above, is the work of Yan Fook-Leun, of Singapore, who has succeeded in capturing with a camera the luminosity of a Chinese landscape painting which one can "not only look at but wander in."



"SOUTHERLY WIND AND A CLOUDY SKY"—CUBHUNTING ON A FINE SEPTEMBER MORNING.

This is one of the most remarkable hunting photographs ever taken in that the camera has captured, in a split second, the interpretation,

movement and composition which we associate with the more studied technique of oil-painting. This direct photograph of cubhunting

with the Croome, taken by Frank H. Meuds, shows a scene by the lake at Earls Croome, near Upton-on-Severn, in Worcestershire.

Owing to the difficult harvest cubhunting has been late starting this year, and in some districts confined to the woodlands and moors.

"A VERITABLE PALÆOLITHIC ORATORY" IN THE TROGLODYTE CITY OF MONTE CASTILLO: 20,000-YEAR-OLD DRAWINGS FROM THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED "CHIMNEYS CAVE" AT PUENTE VIESGO, NORTHERN SPAIN.

By THE REV. DOCTOR JESUS CARVALLO, Director of the Prehistoric Museum, Santander.

IN its issue of March 14, 1953, *The Illustrated London News* was the first paper, outside Spain, to publish a report of the discovery of the great Money Cave in the Castle Hill at Puente Viesgo, in the Province of Santander (Fig. 1); and is now again the first to publish the discovery of a new cave found in the same hill in September 1953.

The first cave with wall-paintings to be discovered at Puente Viesgo was found in 1903 and called the Castle Cave. In 1912 another, also containing wall-paintings, was found, and this was called La Pasiega. A number of years later I carried out a geological study of this celebrated hill, and arrived at the conclusion that more caves would be found, and that even larger caves would be found in the lower part of the hill. The reason for this is, of course, that rivers channel out their courses on ever-deepening levels.

At the end of the Tertiary period, during the Pleistocene, the whole of the Northern Hemisphere was covered with perpetual snow, except for the lower levels in Southern Europe and Asia. As the climate began to change, for whatever reason, there began to take place a general thaw in the southern zone and on the Mediterranean coasts, the Black Sea,

Man became a cave-dweller or troglodyte, he was already giving some proof of a degree of civilisation. When we uncover the remains of his industry, we see that in the most ancient period, the Acheulean, he knew the use of fire—a remarkable discovery—and that he knew how to select the materials best fitted for his tools, and that a good deal of taste and symmetry was shown in the big hand-axes he made. In the following (Mousterian) age he was already burying his dead with great care in stone coffins, with lids to protect their remains against wild animals, and that he set *viatica* beside their heads for the journey beyond the tomb—a fact which pre-supposes a religion.

Later, in the Aurignacian Age, he left for us beautiful works of art; and it is to this period that the wall-pictures recently found in the Money and Chimneys Caves belong. I have estimated that they have been in existence about 20,000 years, and are, therefore, older than the bison of Altamira, which I place at about 13,000 years ago.

During these centuries the River Pas continued its action of undermining the hill in its lowest part and at its base, and this perforation continued for centuries longer in the lower

part than in the upper; and it is on this that I base the hypothesis that we should find larger caves in the lower part than those already known.

This prophecy is now beginning to come true, for the new Chimneys Cave is on a level 15 metres

(about 50 ft.) lower than the Pasiega and Money Caves.

In 1952 the engineer, Dr. Garcia Lorenzo, who works with me and directs investigations, began an excavation on the road which runs to the Pasiega Cave, having fixed his attention on a great fissure, or cleft, in the hill. He only excavated for about 5 metres (about 16 ft. 5 ins.) when the workers were urgently needed on the Money Cave. But in 1953, in the beginning of September, he returned with his

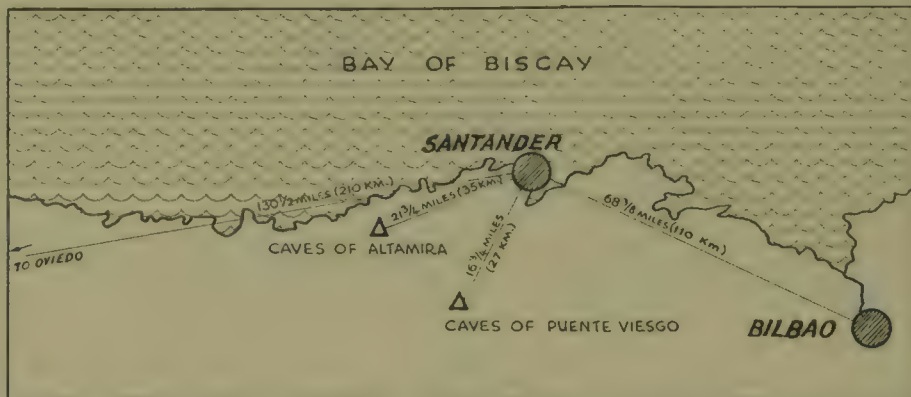


FIG. 1. A MAP OF PART OF THE NORTH COAST OF SPAIN, SHOWING THE LOCATION AND DISTANCE FROM SANTANDER OF THE CAVES OF ALTAMIRA AND THOSE OF PUENTE VIESGO, WHERE A NEW CAVE WITH AURIGNACIAN WALL PICTURES HAS BEEN RECENTLY DISCOVERED, HERE DESCRIBED BY DR. CARVALLO.

workmen, who have been well trained in this task, and resumed excavation. They soon came upon an entrance (Fig. 3) leading to a gulley and a chimney, down which they went, using ropes, to a depth of 12 metres (39 ft. 4 1/2 ins.), with considerable difficulty, since there was only room for a single person to pass. By this means they reached a hall full of stalactites of which they carefully examined the walls, without finding any paintings or carvings. Soon, however, the engineer noticed one detail—some of the stalactites were red and had been coloured so by the hand of man. It was now clear that there was some hidden entrance, which it was necessary to find. They examined every nook and cranny until another chimney was found. They descended this, and found that it ended in a fantastic gallery 75 metres (82 yards) long and like a forest (Fig. 4) of white columns of brilliant aspect, some of calcium carbonate, others of alabaster. The panorama was astonishing, but there was still no sign of paintings or carvings. They continued on their way and presently came to a more spacious hall, semi-circular and with smooth walls, measuring 30 by 28 metres (32 1/2 by 30 1/2 yards); and here were found all the paintings and engraved drawings. A veritable palæolithic oratory (Fig. 5).

When modern man first penetrates into these sacred caves and sees these manifestations of primitive art, no matter how indifferent or how travelled he may be, he can not avoid a feeling which comes upon his soul and lifts his thoughts to a different world, a humanity unknown to us, a mysterious life which we can not imagine to-day. Why did these cave-dwellers paint in the most secret places? It is not that they dwelt in those dark caverns, for they lived near the entrance, near the light of the sun. But their prayers and their invocations of the gods, these they made in the most secret places. Why?

There still exist to-day, in the Australian interior, tribes who are still living in the Middle Stone Age; and among them, when a group celebrates its rites none may approach, save initiates. A woman or child seeking to be present would be in danger of death. Would a similar rule have applied among the palæolithic cave-dwellers? In the heart of Africa there are pigmy tribes who will not allow themselves to be photographed, no matter what reward is offered. To their way of belief an image is a continuation of the object, to which it is fatally linked. What happens to the image will inevitably happen to the original object. If the image is shot through the heart by an enemy's arrow, even so the portrayed original will die. Can this be the reason for there being no human figures among the great expanses of paintings in the Dordogne and along the Cantabrian coast?

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 2. VARIOUS SYMBOLS, INCLUDING NET FORMATIONS, CORRESPONDING TO OTHERS OF LIKE NATURE FOUND IN THE CASTLE CAVE AT PUENTE VIESGO AND ALSO IN THE ALTAMIRA CAVES. THE SECRET OF THESE SYMBOLS REMAINS INSOLUBLE.

and finally in Northern Europe, Asia and America. As a result, rivers, on much higher courses than at present, rushed along in such a degree of spate as Man has never been present to see. The River Pas, which now runs very tamely round the base of the Castle Hill, used then to flow at a level higher than that of the Money Cave, and the violence of its waters was such as to penetrate forcibly into the fissures of the hill. During thousands of centuries this action bored in the mass of calcium carbonate and opened up the great hollows which are the caves to-day.

In the course of many centuries the river carved out a lower course, and the caves became dry, being promptly occupied by the great cave bear and also the hyena and the shaggy lion, bones of which have been discovered in the Castle Cave. The river's course continued to deepen, and at last Man was able to take refuge in the caves against the cold climate of that age, when the great mountain chains, the Cordilleras, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the rest were still covered with perpetual snow.

In order to take possession of the caves Man had to begin a terrific struggle to dislodge the cave bear—the fiercest struggle of the infancy of Man; but at the time when



FIG. 3. THE TINY ENTRANCE THROUGH WHICH A WAY WAS FOUND TO THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED CHIMNEYS CAVE AT PUENTE VIESGO, WHICH IS SO CALLED FROM THE TWO DIFFICULT CHIMNEYS BY WHICH IT WAS EVENTUALLY REACHED.

LOST FOR 20,000 YEARS: "THE STONE FOREST" AND "HALL OF INCANTATION."



FIG. 4. WHERE AURIGNACIAN MAN VENTURED IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH TO INSCRIBE THE CHARMS TO BRING HIM SUCCESS IN HUNTING: "THE STONE FOREST" OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED CHIMNEYS CAVE AT MONTE CASTILLO, NORTHERN SPAIN—A GALLERY MORE THAN 80 YARDS LONG OF BRILLIANT WHITE FANTASTIC COLUMNS.



FIG. 5. "A VERITABLE PALÆOLITHIC ORATORY": THE SEMI-CIRCULAR "HALL OF INCANTATION," ON WHOSE SMOOTH WALLS AURIGNACIAN MAN PAINTED OR ENGRAVED PICTURES OF THE ANIMALS HE WISHED TO KILL, OR NET-LIKE SYMBOLS, WHOSE MEANING IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DECIPHER. THE HUMAN FIGURE GIVES THE SCALE.

Continued from opposite page.

Some tribes in Australia, when planning a kangaroo hunt, draw the outline of the animal on the ground, and, after a ritual dance around the figure, discharge their weapons at it. This done, they go out on the hunt, full of confidence in their success. In the Castle Cave there is a figure of a horse in the attitude of dying, with three

well-marked arrows in it. It is in a concealed corner where the roof is so low that in order to see it, one must kneel or bow one's head low. It is a conjuration figure, an invocation before the hunt. The new cave (Fig. 5) containing the pictures has a low roof and smooth walls, the pictures in black being made with charcoal, and

[Continued overleaf.]

STAGS, BULLS AND HORSES: WORKS OF ART OF THE AURIGNACIAN HUNTERS OF SPAIN.



FIG. 6. DRAWN BY HUMAN FINGERS, 20,000 YEARS AGO, IN THE CLAYEY CHALK WALLS OF THE CHIMNEYS CAVE, PUENTE VIESGO: HEADS OF TWO BULLS AND PART OF A THIRD.



FIG. 7. A VIGOROUS AND COMPLETE DRAWING IN CHARCOAL OF A LARGE DEER (PERHAPS *CERVUS MEGACEROS*). LIKE ALL THE DRAWINGS ON THIS PAGE, OF AURIGNACIAN DATE.

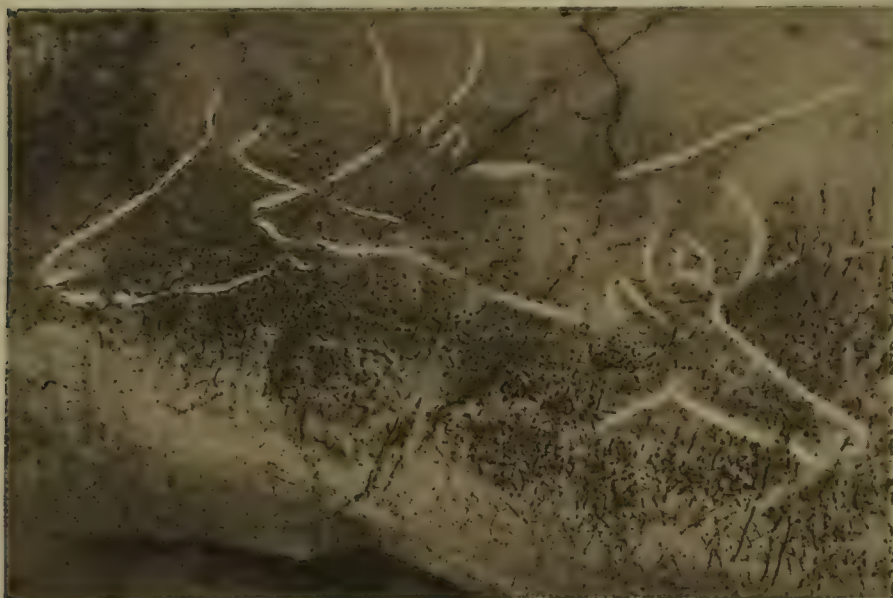


FIG. 8. THREE ANIMAL HEADS, PROBABLY A BULL, A DEER AND A GOAT, ENGRAVED WITH THE FINGER. SUCH DRAWINGS WERE MADE WITH A FINGER, STICK OR FLINT.

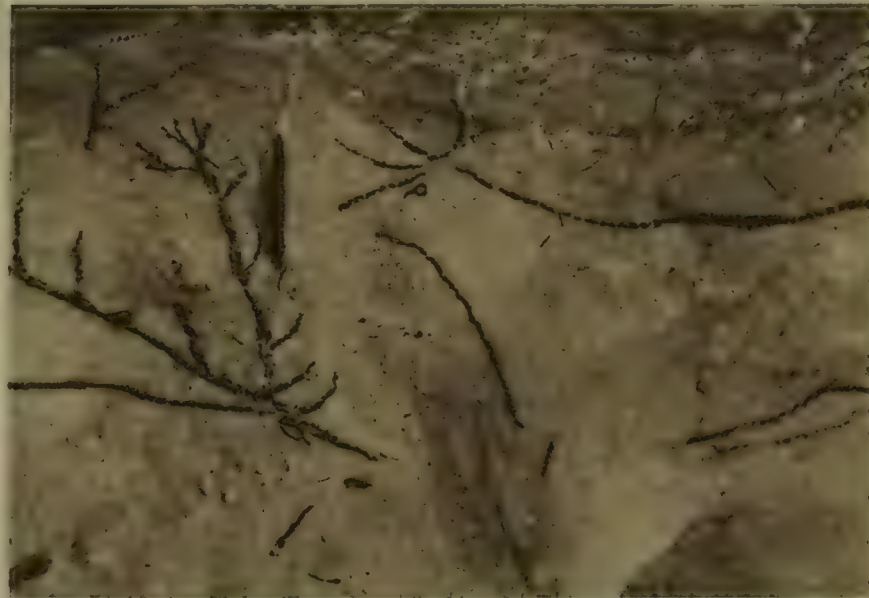


FIG. 9. TWO STAGS, DRAWN WITH A CHARCOAL POINT, AND FRAGMENTS OF OTHER DRAWINGS. IT SEEMS CERTAIN THESE WERE DONE TO SECURE SUCCESS IN THE CHASE.



FIG. 10. THE HEAD AND FORE-QUARTER OF A DOE, DRAWN IN CHARCOAL, ABOUT 20,000 YEARS AGO.



FIG. 11. THE HEAD OF A HORSE VIGOROUSLY DRAWN IN CHARCOAL. THE ROCK ENDS ON THE LEFT AND THE AURIGNACIAN ARTIST CLEARLY INTENDED TO DRAW THE HEAD ALONE.

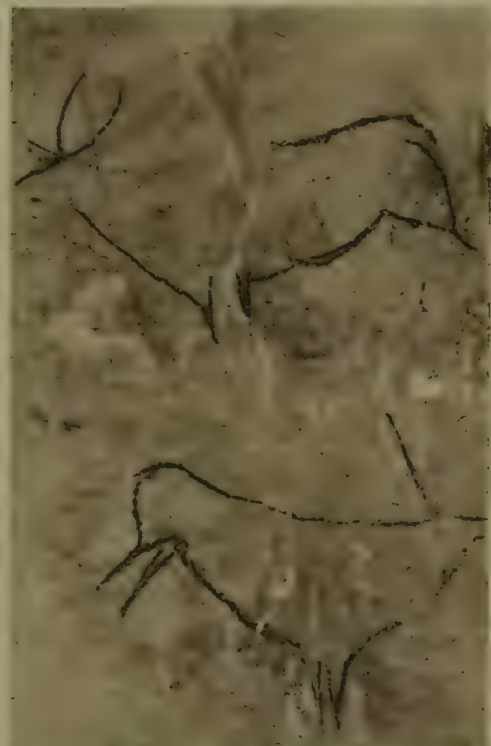


FIG. 12. TWO SMALL CHARCOAL DRAWINGS OF DEER. THESE ARE ABOUT 7000 YEARS EARLIER THAN THE ALTAMIRA BISON.

Continued from page 465.] in a good state of preservation (Figs. 7, 9-12). Among them are figures of animals and indecipherable signs, such as are found in the Castle Cave and at Altamira. First we see a scene showing two small bulls in combat, their brows close together as if attacking. Next, three heads: a bull, a deer and a goat. Another back view and head of a stag; a complete she-goat and a heifer. Five net-like signs, one very clear, as though recently painted (Fig. 2). Another group of intersecting lines, and, on their right, linked with them and standing out very clearly, the hind-quarters of an elephant. Then a complete kid or goat-like animal, which in some respects resembles a reindeer, but is not very clear. Another net-like sign with three very clear stags. Quite separate from the rest can be seen a beautiful horse's head (Fig. 11) and one of a deer. In addition, there are fragments of pictures, which

have otherwise disappeared. As regards the engraved pictures (Figs. 6, 8), these are all on the same wall, and some of them are very deeply marked in the chalky surface, which is somewhat clayey and very wet. Some were drawn with the fingers, some with a stick, and others with a very sharp flint borer. This gallery is followed by another 60 metres (65½ yards) long, which carries on its walls traces of red drawings which have now vanished. The oldest of the pictures are of the Aurignacian Age, and so are probably 20,000 years old. On a level above this gallery there is another some hundreds of metres long, but it has neither painted nor engraved pictures. At the time of writing we had not been able to carry out any methodical excavations to discover signs of industry, whose study might provide evidence for a definite dating.

WINDOW-SHOPPING AT THE WORLD'S GREAT AIR MART: GUESTS AND VISITORS AT FARNBOROUGH.



AT FARNBOROUGH BEFORE THE CROWDS REALLY ARRIVED: PRESS AND PRIVILEGED VISITORS ON THE PRE-VIEW DAY QUEUING TO SEE SOME OF THE LATEST AIRCRAFT TYPES EXHIBITED.



A FIRST APPEARANCE AT FARNBOROUGH: THE *CANBERRA* MARK B8, THE NEW NIGHT INTRUDER DEVELOPMENT OF THE *CANBERRA* BOMBER, MAKES ITS BOW IN A FLYING DISPLAY BEFORE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.



ALREADY IN USE WITH THE N.A.T.O. AIR FORCES: THE MARTIN-BAKER MOBILE EJECTION-SEAT TRAINER BEING DEMONSTRATED IN ACTION AT FARNBOROUGH.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST AIR MARKET—FROM THE AIR: AN AERIAL VIEW OF PART OF THE S.B.A.C. EXHIBITION AT FARNBOROUGH, WITH THE FANTASTIC SHAPES OF MODERN AIRCRAFT RANGED FOR INSPECTION BY VISITORS FROM MORE THAN NINETY COUNTRIES. *Aerofilms.*



AIRCRAFT SHAPES OF THE FUTURE: A BRISTOL TYPE 173 HELICOPTER WATCHED IN A FLIGHT DISPLAY FROM BETWEEN THE FANTASTIC TAIL AND WING OF A GLOSTER *JAVELIN* FIGHTER.



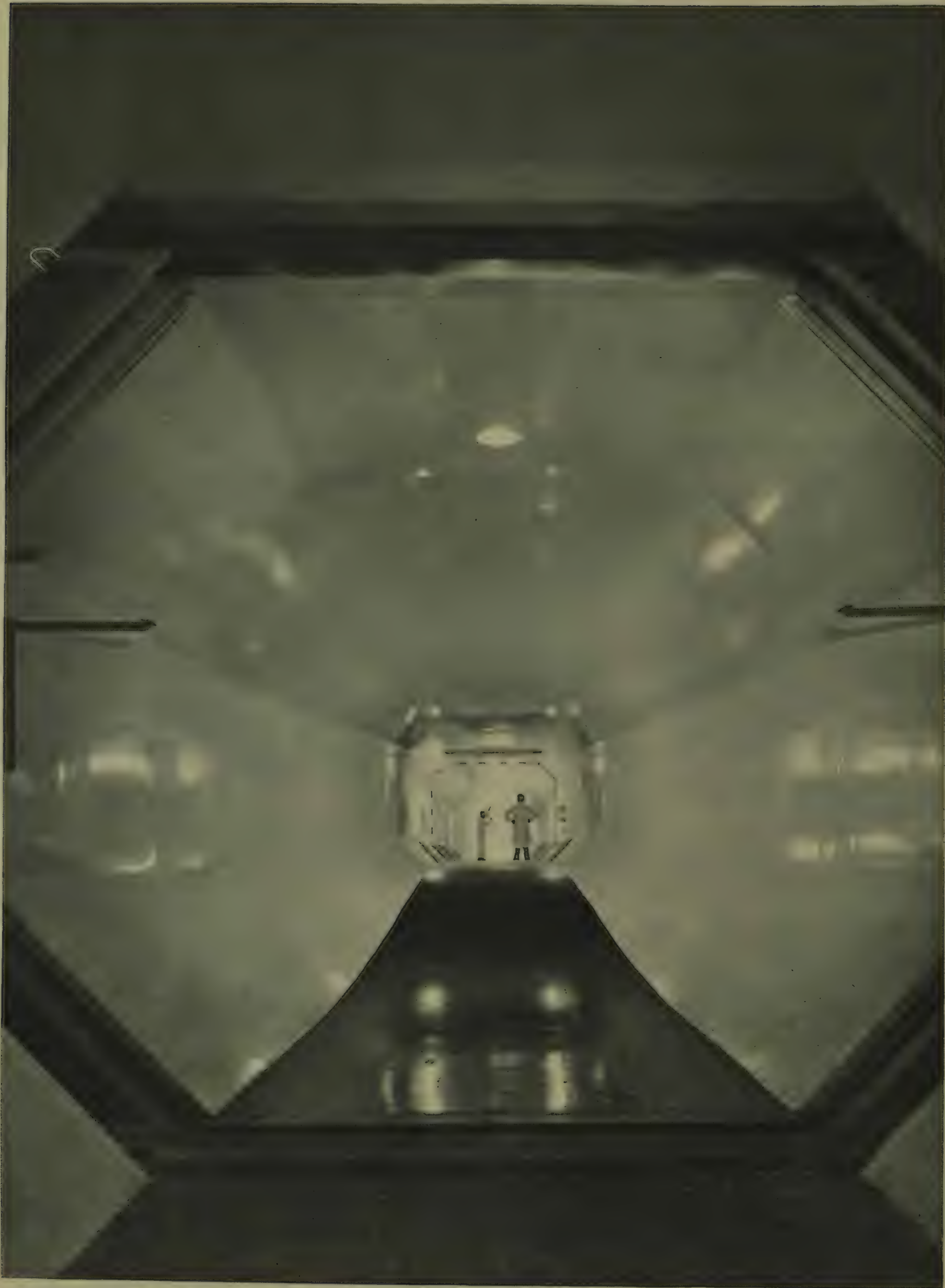
THE FIRST *VISCOUNT* TURBOPROP AIRLINER TO WEAR THE COLOURS OF TRANS-AUSTRALIA AIRLINES DISPLAYS ITSELF BEFORE 5000 GUESTS FROM OVER NINETY COUNTRIES.

Even before this year's annual Exhibition and Flying Display staged by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors had opened its doors to the general public on September 10, a record number of invited guests from over ninety countries had been to the exhibition and seen the scope and achievement of the British aircraft industry. Among these guests were representatives of foreign Governments—though no invitations were sent to Governments the other side of the Iron Curtain—officials of airlines, and Chiefs of Staff of Allied Air Forces. Perhaps



THE AIRCRAFT WHICH CARRIES A MOBILE FACTORY AND ITS OPERATIVES: GUESTS AT FARNBOROUGH QUEUING TO ENTER THE VAST BLACKBURN *BEVERLEY* FREIGHTER.

the subject most discussed was the "Flying Bedstead," the Rolls-Royce wingless research rig, which can take off vertically—though this was not on display. Both the *Supermarine* 525—a naval research fighter capable of carrying an atomic bomb—and the Hawker *Hunter* (for which overseas orders for £120,000,000 have been booked) attracted much interest; while N.A.T.O. officials took great interest in the "private venture," Folland *Midge* fighter, a light-weight aircraft of great promise, which can be produced cheaply and rapidly.



AN INVALUABLE INSTRUMENT OF THE AIRCRAFT DESIGNER: INSIDE THE DE HAVILLAND LOW-SPEED WIND-TUNNEL, LOOKING DOWNSTREAM TOWARDS THE WORKING SECTION. THE FINE MESH SCREEN, WHICH SMOOTHS THE FLOW, IS NOT IN POSITION.

In his speech at the dinner of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors on the eve of the Farnborough Show, the Minister of Supply, Mr. Duncan Sandys, referred to the way in which wind-tunnels had helped to solve the aerodynamic problems of supersonic flight; and mentioned the cost and power involved in building and operating a high-speed tunnel, indicating that a single tunnel could cost as much as £10,000,000. During the last year the De Havilland Aircraft

Company have built and are already operating two wind-tunnels at Hatfield, one high-speed, the other low-speed, both tunnels being at work within twelve months of building being started. We show above the interior of the low-speed tunnel, which has a working section 8·7 ft. wide and 6·7 ft. high in which models are subjected to wind speeds of up to 170 m.p.h., produced by a 12-ft. four-blade fan driven by a 500-h.p. direct-current electric motor.



THE THREE GHOST ENGINES WHICH SUCK THE AIR FROM THE 'DE HAVILLAND HIGH-SPEED WIND-TUNNEL AND PRODUCE IN THE WORKING SECTION AIR SPEEDS OF UP TO OVER ONE-AND-A-HALF TIMES THE SPEED OF SOUND.

On the opposite page we show the low-speed wind-tunnel recently built by the De Havilland Aircraft Company; and here we show the colossal power needed to operate the high-speed tunnel the company have also built. Both tunnels are needed for extensive pre-flight aerodynamic testing of new designs, the low-speed tunnel for the good, low-speed behaviour of aircraft, the high to solve the problems of supersonic flight. The high-speed tunnel has three sets of liners for the

working section which give ranges of wind speed from *Mach* 0.8 to 1.6 (*Mach* being the term for the speed of sound at any given altitude). In this tunnel the enormous power needed to produce such winds is provided by three *Ghost* engines (actually engines used in the prototype *Comet*) which, by the blast of their exhaust, and working on the injector principle, create a vacuum downstream of the working section and so draw through it a wind which is pre-heated to prevent condensation.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A MATTER OF TASTE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A SORROWFUL reader expresses his regret that Josiah Wedgwood—the great Wedgwood—does not appear to obtain his deserts on this page, and that it is not becoming to write about him and to brush aside as of little importance not only the jasper wares with which his name has always been connected, but those black basalts which imitate Greek vases so ingeniously. Each to his taste, and if you find these translations from the Greek to your liking, you find them to your liking: to me they are dry, hard and excessively lugubrious, and not all their inventor's enthusiasm can reconcile me to them. The fact still remains that his lasting contribution to English ceramics was the table ware; on that his reputation and his fortune were founded during his lifetime.



FIG. 1. TWO CANARY LUSTRE JUGS, c. 1800, "VERY TYPICAL REPRESENTATIVES OF A CLASS OF POTTERY WHICH MUST HAVE BEEN PRODUCED IN ENORMOUS QUANTITIES FOR A POPULAR MARKET."

The jug on the left has a canary-coloured ground and is decorated on the neck with a conventional floral design in silver resist, and on the body with a continuous harvest scene and landscape in polychrome. That on the right has a scalloped border of silver lustre around the neck, a canary-coloured ground, and is decorated on the body with red strawberries and silver resist leaves and vines. (5½ ins. high.)

From the Burnap Collection.

The ornament side of his business was by contrast a side-line, though a profitable one.

But whether one admires these beautifully-made and elegantly composed vases is really beside the point; what is interesting about them is that they so perfectly express the cultivated taste of his time. They were regarded by all the people who mattered as the last word in elegance together with their variants, the vases decorated with designs in encaustic colours, and known as Etruscan or Encaustic. Perhaps the word "imitation" is not quite accurate; the vases are fairly free adaptations from the best models Wedgwood could find (mainly those presented to the British Museum by Sir William Hamilton) and could by no manner of means be mistaken for them. Indeed, that is their virtue; this is the eighteenth century paying tribute to the marvels of the ancient world, not a clever conjurer pulling replicas out of his hat. Their finish is superb, and the basalt body has a wonderful fineness of grain.

But when you have said that, you have said nearly everything. They are ghosts of the past, not the vigorous fancies of living men, and I still hold that Wedgwood was far more influential and inspired a potter when he was giving rein to his own imagination than when he was thus catering cleverly for a modish fad (Fig. 3). Accuracy of modelling and uncanny control over technique and material are most admirable accomplishments, but how boring they can be! Pottery, except for scientific purposes, surely needs to give the impression that it is made by a man, not by a machine; men have faults and personal feelings and fall short of what they try to accomplish. The young Wedgwood tried his hand at this

kind of thing (Fig. 2) in his early days, and a fine, lively thing he made of it, much as did his predecessor, John Astbury, in the years between 1730 and 1740.

I have to thank the Kansas City Museum for this and other photographs on this page (Burnap Collection) and the horseman has come without any other description beyond that of "English Equestrian Figure." What he is called in his Transatlantic home I don't know—over here this particular model was always referred to as Hudibras, from the seventeenth-century Samuel Butler's hero in the book of that title, which is far more often quoted than read nowadays. The horse, for all his naïveté, is an excellent portrait of the animal described in that skit about the Puritans, and it was the horse as much as the rider which gave the model its name among collectors.

Astbury is an interesting and important personality in the development of the Staffordshire industry. He was born in 1688 and died in 1743, and learned his trade with the two Dutchmen, the Elers brothers, who came over to England and made history by producing those rare red earthenware teapots in

rivalry with the wares which were coming from Canton. The story (probably untrue) is that the Elers brothers were extremely secretive and would only employ half-wits; Astbury is supposed to have feigned semi-idiotcy in order to get himself hired. That seems to me just nonsense. Whatever the facts are on this particular point, one thing seems certain: the two Elers could not make a commercial success of their business, whereas John Astbury did. The tradition is precise enough—Astbury, his son Thomas, and his talented pupils, Whieldon and Wood—and yet there is not a single piece of pottery signed by him, and collectors have argued for years as to whether certain figures should be called Astbury or Astbury-Whieldon. The current classification has been achieved largely by

taking the known and later pieces whose authorship is quite definite—e.g., Wood or Whieldon—and then working backwards; very soon you come to a figure which from its style must be early and appears to bear the impress of another personality. (I endeavour to describe a rather laborious method of detection in a few words.) The result over the years has been a general measure of agreement as to Astbury's place in the story. All his figures, clumsy, naïve and absurd though they are, have about them that air of nursery innocence which few of us can resist and which is

recommended by the faculty as an antidote to the depression induced by contemplating black basalts, though I admit a roomful of Hudibras' would be equally alarming. What is probably the best collection of Astbury figures in this country is to be seen in the gallery at Brighton (Willett Collection).

Wedgwood—and, indeed, English pottery manufacture generally—had travelled a long way since Astbury contrived his horsemen, whether it was originally meant to represent Hudibras or no: they are worlds apart and the basalt by comparison anæmic and insipid, despite its technical perfection. It is



FIG. 2. "HUDIBRAS," AN ENGLISH EQUESTRIAN FIGURE, BY JOHN ASTBURY, c. 1730-1740. (9 INS. HIGH, BASE 4½ BY 3½ INS.) All Astbury's figures, "clumsy, naïve and absurd though they are, have about them that air of nursery innocence which few of us can resist . . ." [From the Burnap Collection.]

anæmic no less when compared with much of the ordinary, commercial, early nineteenth-century lustre, such as the two lustre jugs of Fig. 1, which are very typical representatives of a class of pottery which must have been produced in enormous quantities for a popular market. The shiny surface iridescence of this lustre ware can be hard and tiresome in a strong light, but it is not without a certain rustic merit, especially when its decoration is as bold and informal as that of the strawberry sprays of the jug on the right. The word "lustre" is a little confusing, as it is applied often enough to a whole host of tin-enamelled wares from early Persian to Hispano-Mauresque, Italian Maiolica and Delft. This iridescence of a tin-enamelled surface differs entirely from that of what has come to be known as "lustre" in the special sense of the term; there is no difficulty in recognising the latter at all—very smooth, shiny and with no subtlety whatever.

A Staffordshire craftsman, John Hancock, has the credit for its invention at the end of the eighteenth century. A particularly unpleasant application of the method was to cover a whole object with silver-lustre so as to make it look like silver, or at least Sheffield plate. The rarest types are those with a coloured ground—canary-yellow, brown or blue. The second Wedgwood applied the method to dessert services, pink flecked with orange. Leeds, as well as Staffordshire, also made lustre, and from Sunderland come what most people to-day seem to like best of all—jugs produced for friends about to embark on a voyage, decorated generally with transfer prints of ships or of local views and with, maybe, the names of donor and recipient, together with a nice little sentimental verse. Another reason for its popularity?—cottages generally were dark, with very small windows: what light there was, was reflected to great advantage on these smooth, brilliant surfaces.



FIG. 3. (LEFT) DECORATED WITH A CLASSICAL FIGURE ON FRONT AND HAVING CONVENTIONAL BORDERS IN ENCAUSTIC COLOURS OF BROWN AND WHITE: A WEDGWOOD BASALT VASE, c. 1769-1780. 11½ INS. HIGH. (RIGHT) A WEDGWOOD BASALT URN, c. 1770-1790, ADORNED WITH THREE CARYATIDS WHICH END AT THE BASE IN LION PAWS. 7½ INS. HIGH.

Discussing Wedgwood black basalts on this page, Frank Davis writes: "Each to his taste, and if you find these translations from the Greek to your liking, you find them to your liking: to me they are dry, hard and excessively lugubrious, and not all their inventor's enthusiasm can reconcile me to them."

From the Burnap Collection.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



TO BE C.-IN-C. COMMONWEALTH FORCES, KOREA: MAJ.-GEN. R. BIERWIRTH. Major-General Bierwirth, at present G.O.C. Western Command, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief, British Commonwealth Forces, Korea, in succession to Lieut.-General H. Wells. General Bierwirth had a distinguished record during World War II, with the 6th Australian Division in the Middle East.



ELECTED CHAIRMAN OF THE T.U.C.: MR. CHARLES GEDDES. General Secretary of the Union of Post Office Workers since 1944, Mr. Geddes has been elected Chairman of the T.U.C. for 1955. He has been a member of the General Council of the T.U.C. since 1946, and is Chairman of the European Regional Organisation of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.



DIED ON SEPTEMBER 9: M. ANDRÉ DRAIN. M. Derain, one of the most talented and versatile French painters, was seventy-four. In his youth he was much interested in Signac, Van Gogh and Gauguin, but later, as a reaction against Impressionism, became associated with Vlamincq, Matisse and Braque as one of the leaders of the fauvist movement. His ballet décor designs are well known.



TO BE AMBASSADOR TO ARGENTINA: SIR FRANCIS EVANS. Sir Francis Evans, Ambassador to Israel since 1952 (Minister 1951-52), has been appointed Ambassador at Buenos Aires in succession to Sir H. Mack. Joining the Consular Service in 1920, Sir Francis was appointed Consul-General in New York in 1944, returning to the Foreign Office in 1950 as an Assistant Under-Secretary of State.



PRESIDENT CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S ELDEST SON: GEN. CHIANG CHING-KUO. Considered to be one of the most powerful men in Formosa and the logical successor to his illustrious father, Chiang Kai-shek, General Chiang Ching-kuo has been made Deputy Secretary-General of the Defence Council, the chief policy-making body of the Chinese Nationalists. He has been for some time head of the Materials Ministry.



DIED ON SEPTEMBER 7: GEN. SIR ALAN HARTLEY. General Hartley, who was seventy-one, was Deputy Commander-in-Chief, India, from 1942-44. From January to March, 1942, he was C.-in-C. India, when Lord Wavell held the supreme command in the A.B.D.A. area. General Hartley was Commander of the Rawalpindi District, 1939-40, and G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command, India, 1940-42.



THE FIRST BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE PHILIPPINES: SIR FRANK GIBBS (CENTRE).

Sir Frank Gibbs, the first British Ambassador to The Republic of the Philippines, is seen above at Malacanang Palace, Manila, after presenting his letters of credence to the President of the Philippines, Mr. Ramon Magsaysay (right). Sir Frank was Consul-General, Saigon, from 1947-51, and was granted the personal rank of Minister, 1950-51. He has been Minister to the Republic of the Philippines since 1951.



MISSING, PRESUMED DROWNED, AFTER ATTEMPTING TO SWIM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL UNESCORTED: MR. EDWARD MAY. Mr. May, who left Cap Gris Nez early on September 8, in an attempt to swim the English Channel unescorted, was officially reported missing late on the following day, after a thorough search had been made for him, and must be presumed drowned. Mr. May, who was a Scunthorpe steelworker and father of nine children, is pictured above with the provisions raft, made with a motor-car tyre's inner tube, which he towed during his Channel swim.



INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR IN AMSTERDAM: SIR PAUL MASON, NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE NETHERLANDS. Sir Paul Mason, the new Ambassador to the Netherlands, presented his letters of credence to Queen Juliana at the Palace on Dam Square, Amsterdam, on September 8. Before entering the Palace he inspected a Guard of Honour formed by the Royal Netherlands Navy. Sir Paul, who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth last month, has been an Assistant Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office since 1951.



MR. ANTHONY EDEN (SECOND FROM RIGHT), IN BRUSSELS WITH (L. TO R.) DR. J. W. BEYEN; M. P. SPAAK; AND M. P. BECH, FOREIGN MINISTERS OF THE NETHERLANDS, BELGIUM AND LUXEMBOURG. It was announced on September 9 that the Governments of Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, the German Federal Republic, Italy and France, had accepted a proposal made by Mr. Eden that he should discuss personally with their Foreign Ministers the situation created by the rejection of the European Defence Community by the French Assembly. Accordingly, on September 11, Mr. Eden flew to Brussels on the first stage of his European tour, and had conversations with the Belgian, Dutch and Luxembourg Foreign Ministers and reached full agreement with them on proposals for a West German contribution to European defence.



IN PARIS AFTER HIS RELEASE BY THE COMMUNISTS: GENERAL DE CASTRIES, COMMANDER OF THE DIEN BIEN PHU GARRISON, WITH HIS WIFE. General de Castries, the French Commander of the Dien Bien Phu garrison in Indo-China, who was captured by Viet Minh rebels after its fall last May, was released on September 5 and arrived in Paris incognito by air from Saigon on September 10. General de Castries said that after his capture he had gone four days without anything to drink; and whilst in captivity had been kept in solitary confinement until shortly before his release. He intends to return to Indo-China to try and find out what has happened to the many defenders of Dien Bien Phu who have disappeared.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

MR. POOTER AND FRIENDS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MR. CHARLES POOTER ("The Diary of a Nobody.") has arrived at the Arts Theatre Club. I met the book during the nineteen-twenties. On my first visit to London on holiday, I caused a mild family sensation by going out to seek the Pooter country; to find some solid little house, with steps up to a stucco-columned portico ("like a four-post

Holmes suddenly walked into the room. Here they all are, as if we were seeing the Weedon Grossmith drawings in what we are now told to call "3-D." Basil Dean and Richard Blake, who have made this version, describe their play very simply as "Six Chapters For The Stage": it is surprising how much of the book they have got into the theatre, though at the end the piece does drift away into a dull "séance" and too much diary-reading. Lupin's escapade with the important customer, whose business he lures from the parent firm, can only be reported, though Mr. Perkupp, the angry principal, does loom upon the stage. Ernest Hare, portentously - whiskered, acts with bustling zest as an employer who appears to have more flint in him than the Perkupp of the book. Similarly, in Diane Todd's modest "Lillie Girl," one does not recognise the original Miss Posh, "very tall, rather plain . . . a little painted round the eyes," and with a piercing scream of a laugh.

The other characters are direct from the text: George Benson as the pompous City clerk who is yet so lovable an ass ("I don't often make jokes," he says, but how he enjoys them when he

in "The Constant Nymph," years ago: he is a great party man.

The "Diary" is always lovable: yet, before this production, I had no idea that it could be transferred so persuasively, and with so much detail: even the red-feathered fan (feathers from "the Kachu eagle, now extinct"), the plaster-of-Paris stag's head, the game of "Cutlets." If only Mr. Dean and Mr. Blake can sustain the last few scenes, which at present dwindle (we tire of the journal extracts), I can see no reason why the play should not extend its run to a regular theatre.

One or two scenes, of course, we can never get on the stage. One of them is my favourite. You will remember that the most gentlemanly fellow, Merton, who conversed with the Pooters on Society (and put them down for a dozen of his "Lockanbar" whisky at 36s.), had offered passes for any theatre in London. Unhappily, he could not do anything with the Italian Opera, Haymarket, Savoy, or Lyceum; but he did enclose four seats for "the best thing going," a piece called "Brown Bushes," at the Tank Theatre, Islington. The Pooters took Mr. and Mrs. James (Miss Fuller that was), of Sutton, after meat-tea; and a most dismal time they had. The tickets proved to be undated and issued under a previous management. Mr. James paid for a box; and Pooter was still more humiliated when his little black bow,

"which fastened on to the stud by means of a new patent," fell into the pit and was irretrievably lost. Mr. James, of Sutton (I like the use of the territorial designation), was consoling, if not tactful. "Don't worry," he said; "no one will notice it with your beard. That is the only advantage of wearing one that I can see."

Mr. Dean and Mr. Blake have worked in the missing tie, though naturally we cannot go to the Tank Theatre, and we do not meet Mr. James. Even so—and this is a sound note on which to end—we do meet the celebrated Mr. Padge. There he sits, in the best arm-chair, looking—as Sidney Vivian acts him—precisely like the Weedon Grossmith drawing, and held rigidly to his single phrase, "That's right!" As we watch, we breathe a fervent "That's right!" ourselves.

I am not at all sure that we can say this of "Dry Rot" (Whitehall),



PREPARING TO GO TO THE LORD MAYOR'S PARTY: A SCENE FROM "THE DIARY OF A NOBODY," AT THE ARTS THEATRE, WITH (L. TO R.) MR. POOTER (GEORGE BENSON); SARAH (EDNA PETRIE); MRS. POOTER (DULCIE GRAY); MRS. JAMES, OF SUTTON (HELEN CHRISTIE), AND LUPIN POOTER (LESLIE PHILLIPS).

bedstead") that might conceivably be a twin of "The Laurels," Brickfield Terrace, Holloway.

I found several, and spent a warm August day remembering the history of that "nice six-roomed residence, not counting basement, with a front breakfast-parlour." Alas, it was too late to see anyone in the Pooter style: the dear, pompous man with the soft brown beard; Carrie, serener than her husband; Pooter's bosom friends—rather a prickly bosom—"Long" Cummings and Gowing, who seem to exist solely that the merry wag can have the joy of punning on their names; the son Lupin, rake from a bank in Oldham; and the magnificent Burwin-Fosselton (of the Holloway Comedians), who fancies himself—though Irving has unaccountably failed to notice it—as the most dangerous rival the Lyceum has ever had.

When I roamed the Pooter country, most of these must have been long dead; and I did not see anyone who might have been a veteran Lupin, the last fine flower. To-day I do not know whether the Pooter villas exist; certainly the way of life has vanished long ago. "Out, out, brief candle! . . ." It is a quotation that Charles Pooter (circa 1888) might have repeated with mournful relish, though we can hardly think that his inclinations were Shakespearean.

George and Weedon Grossmith, in creating their Nobody, created a Somebody. The world seems to rain troubles upon the little man. But he comes through them all: the business of the scraper, the painting of Gowing's walking-stick, the misspelling of the name (Porter, Pewter) in the *Blackfriars Bi-Weekly News*, the visit to the Tank Theatre, the Lupin disaster: at the time everything is tragic and Pooter duly confides in his diary. Happily, all ends well.

I feel sometimes that the Pooters might have had no life either before or after the fifteen crammed months of the diary. "The Laurels," Brickfield Terrace, could suddenly have appeared as by a miracle one April morning, and melted away on July 11 in the following year. For all we know, there may still be some small pocket of time in which Charles Pooter and friends are toasting themselves in bumpers of "Jackson Frères," or in a bottle of the sparkling Algéra that Mr. James, of Sutton, sent as a present. In that paradise beyond the moon—a Never-Never Holloway—there is always something to do: a Venetian blind to put straight, a fan to nail up, a bath to be painted red.

It is as exciting now to meet the Pooter circle at the Arts as it would be if Sherlock



"AN INTRICATE AND PERFECTLY-REALISED BIT OF PRODUCTION THAT TOOK US BACK TO ANOTHER . . . PARTY OF MR. DEAN'S—THAT IN 'THE CONSTANT NYMPH' YEARS AGO": LUPIN'S ENGAGEMENT PARTY IN THE ADAPTATION OF "THE DIARY OF A NOBODY" (ARTS), BY BASIL DEAN AND RICHARD BLAKE.

One of the best scenes in the adaptation of George and Weedon Grossmith's "The Diary of a Nobody" occurs in the first act when Lupin's engagement party is celebrated in the parlour of "The Laurels," Brickfield Terrace, London, N., during the year 1888. In this photograph Burwin-Fosselton (Alan MacNaughtan), of the Holloway Comedians (fourth from left), can be seen during his magnificent attempts to "reproduce the Irving intonations as Mathias."

does!); Dulcie Gray as gentle Carrie, who likes to toss herself about now and then, and who is very much under the heel of the inventive Mrs. James of Sutton; Leslie Phillips as Lupin, devil of a fellow; Brian Wilde, long and sepulchral as the tricycling Cummings; Willoughby-Goddard as that coarse fellow, Gowing; Rose Hill as the too-bewitching Daisy; and, as accurate as anyone, Alan MacNaughtan, the Burwin-Fosselton. In attempting to reproduce the Irving intonations as Mathias, he provides a neat pastiche as well as a rich, comic performance.

All told, the production does honour to Brickfield Terrace: it has laurelled "The Laurels." Some of us, on returning home, almost sent a "Collins" to Pooter and to the producer, Mr. Dean himself, for having had us at Lupin's engagement party. This was an intricate and perfectly-realised bit of production that took us back to another, and different, party of Mr. Dean's—that



"A SET MADE FOR FARCE"—THE LOUNGE-HALL OF "THE BULL AND COW," WITH A STAIRCASE ENDANGERED BY DRY ROT LEADING UP FROM IT; A SCENE FROM "DRY ROT" (WHITEHALL THEATRE), IN WHICH THE THREE CROOKS (L. TO R.), ALFRED TUBBE (JOHN SLATER); FLASH HARRY (BASIL LORD) AND FRED PHIPPS (BRIAN RIX), ARE FINALLY APPREHENDED AFTER THEIR UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO "RIG" A RACE RESULT.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"DRY ROT" (Whitehall).—The scene is the lounge-hall of "The Bull and Cow." A staircase, endangered by dry rot, leads up from it. In the hall a sliding panel slides. It is a set made for farce; and for two-and-a-half hours the cast—including John Slater, Brian Rix, and the author, John Chapman—dodges, gyrates, and generally plays catch-as-catch-can. Average slap-bang, little more. (August 31.)

"THE DIARY OF A NOBODY" (Arts Theatre Club).—At home with the Pooters in "The Laurels," Holloway. Basil Dean—who is also the producer—and Richard Blake have transferred us miraculously to 1888 and to the household invented by the Grossmiths. The piece may, and does, sag in the second half; but the first half has been so good, and by then we are so much in love with the Pooters (George Benson and Dulcie Gray), that any lapse is forgivable. With a little reconstruction this ought to have its West End chance. (September 1.)

a slap-happy farce—ostensibly about the "switching" of racehorses—that almost bullies us into mirth. It seems to come under the head of extracting laughter by menaces. John Slater is tirelessly boisterous as the brand of bookmaker that gets into farce; and there is one very funny, and too short, scene in which Cicely Paget-Bowman considers the problem of a piano that isn't there. It is the sort of conversation in which Charles Pooter, bless him, would have joined with an eager and worried interest.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: A CAMERA RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS WHICH ARE IN THE NEWS.



STANDING IN THE POURING RAIN TO OPEN THE NEW HURLINGHAM L.C.C. PARK AND ATHLETICS TRACK, LONDON: R. G. BANNISTER, THE FAMOUS ATHLETE.

R. G. Bannister performed the opening ceremony of the Hurlingham L.C.C. park and athletics track, London, on September 11, on the occasion of its first meeting, the London A.A. Championships, which are now in their ninth year. The ceremony, unfortunately marred by a cloudburst, marked the completion of the second and almost final stage of the L.C.C.'s £150,000 scheme for buying and laying out as a public park about 20 acres of the Hurlingham Polo Club's grounds at Fulham.



SCORING A RUNAWAY VICTORY IN THE ST. LEGER: THE DERBY WINNER, *NEVER SAY DIE*, C. SMIRKE UP, WITH *ELOPEMENT* SECOND AND *EXTREMADUR* (EXTREME LEFT), WHO FINISHED THIRD.

Mr. R. S. Clark's Derby winner, *Never Say Die*, proved what a great horse he is by winning the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster on September 11 by beating *Eloperment*, ridden by W. Nevett, by twelve lengths; *Extremadur*, ridden by E. Mercer, was third. Mr. Clark is only the second American to win the St. Leger in this country, the first being the late Mr. William Woodward, who won with *Boswell* in 1936 and *Black Tarquin* in 1948.



THE FIRST PERSON TO SWIM THE THIRTY-TWO MILES ACROSS LAKE ONTARIO FROM YOUNGSTOWN, NEW YORK, TO TORONTO: SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD MARILYN BELL, OF TORONTO, SEEN ON SEPTEMBER 10 SWIMMING STRONGLY WHEN ONLY ABOUT FOUR MILES FROM HER DESTINATION.



ATTENDING A DEMONSTRATION OF THE NEW TELEVISION DETECTOR VANS: THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, EARL DE LA WARR (ON ROSTRUM).

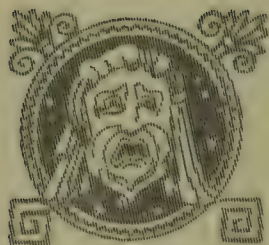
In an effort to seek out those people—believed to be between 100,000 and 200,000—who watch television without having taken out a licence, the Post Office has acquired nine bright green television detector vans. At a demonstration in the marshalling yard of the Post Office in King Edward Buildings, London, on September 10, the Postmaster-General, Earl De La Warr, officially sent these vans on their first patrol of the streets. It is estimated that the instruments in the vans can pin-point a working television receiving set to within six inches.



ABOUT TO COME ALONGSIDE H.M.S. VANGUARD (LEFT) PRIOR TO RELIEVING HER TEMPORARILY AS FLAGSHIP OF THE C-IN-C., HOME FLEET: H.M.S. TYNE, THE DESTROYER DEPOT SHIP. H.M.S. Tyne is to relieve H.M.S. Vanguard temporarily as Flagship of the C-in-C., Home Fleet, Admiral Sir M. Denny, while the battleship is in dock. The C-in-C. is due to hoist his flag in Tyne, at Portsmouth, on October 4 when he transfers from his N.A.T.O. H.Q. at Northwood after Exercise "Morning Mist."



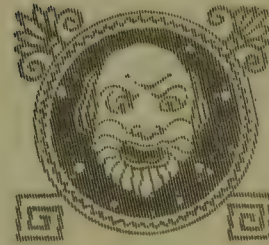
GEDENKRIEMLIOTHEK—THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY IN WEST BERLIN—WHICH HAS BEEN RECENTLY COMPLETED. IT HAS BEEN BUILT WITH AMERICAN FUNDS AT A COST OF ABOUT £400,000. IT WILL BE WEST GERMANY'S MOST MODERN LIBRARY, AND WILL START WITH 120,000 BOOKS.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

TWO HUNDRED FILMS AND TWO LECTURERS.

By ALAN DENT.



FOND though I am of Sweden and things Swedish, an informative tour of its remote tin-mines is not my idea of the most desirable way of spending one of the few fine afternoons of the Edinburgh Festival. Neither is a prolonged glimpse into the domestic life of the cowboys of Nevada very much to be preferred to a snooze in a hotel armchair as a way of passing one of the immeasurably more frequent wet afternoons. But such out-of-the-way or—as the Scots say—"by-ordiner" diversions have been the rule of the day at this year's Festival as in previous years.

Nobody seems to want this plague of something like 200 short films or documentaries. But in they pour, dealing with every conceivable subject and set in every conceivable clime. Ceramics in modern Hungary—the state of painting in Mexico, of music in India—the geology of New Zealand, the botany of the Tatra Mountains of Czechoslovakia: these are typical subjects. It is fair to add that the little cinema-theatre which shows some nine or ten of these short films every day, in three different sessions, is almost invariably crowded, though it may be observed that even the keenest and youngest critics, as distinct from non-professional visitors, faint and falter and—in Hamlet's phrase—absent them from these felicities as the Festival advances into its second and third weeks.

There were, though, two tranquil resting-places or oases in this desert of documentary and travelogue. These were provided by two different—very different—morning-lectures given by Mr. Michael Redgrave and Mr. Anthony Asquith. Hardly ever have I seen two lecturers more dissimilar. They had nothing whatever in common but likeableness.

Mr. Redgrave is, as we all know, an accomplished actor. His winning platform appearance when he faces a lecture audience, when he gives the perfect illusion of being a shy but smiling little boy who has never had to face an audience in his life before, cannot

being thrown off on the spur of the moment. Of Miss Joan Crawford: "How splendid it is that she can still out-stare us all!" Of Sir Carol Reed:—"One of his big blue eyes always has an oblique squint in the

unfortunately does not "come across" in a building of any considerable size.

It is fair to explain further that Mr. Asquith on the Edinburgh occasion was not really attempting a full-dress lecture but merely commenting upon some selections from films he has himself directed. It was the presentation that was wrong. For this was not the "illustrated lecture" to which we were invited. It was a short but extremely interesting Asquith Anthology, with brief explanatory comments by the director himself.

The selections included an extremely funny episode from one of Mr. Asquith's earliest essays in cinema, the silent film called "Shooting Stars" (1927); an enthralling and portentous naval-battle sequence from "Tell England" (1930); and scenes from better-known Asquith masterpieces, like "Pygmalion" and "The Browning Version" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."

In point of fact, there is the embryo of an excellent Festival idea here. Why should not other directors be invited to give two-hour programmes of selections of their best or most interesting films? And could it not be possible to give us a repertory film-season during the Festival—things from the past (abridged if desirable) which we all long to see again at some time? Every reader who loves the cinema can rattle off a dozen such titles in no time for himself or herself. The trouble is to collect and find old copies. But the arrangers of the film side of the Edinburgh Festival have a whole year in which to do the discovering and collecting.

For lack of such an offering we have a few new "feature" films which are running in London simultaneously, and all these scores of new short-films, only a very few of which, it seems, will ever travel to London or anywhere else. Quite the best of these exceptions which came into my Edinburgh ken was an item called "Jazz Dance," in which a director called Roger Tilton by some magic—undoubtedly connected with hidden cameras—took us into the darkest heart of a jazz "session" in a



"A CAPITAL PHRASE-MAKER": MR. MICHAEL REDGRAVE, WHOM MR. DENT HEARD GIVING A MORNING-LECTURE DURING THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL. NOT ONLY HAS MR. REDGRAVE GOT A MOST WINNING PLATFORM MANNER, BUT MR. DENT SAYS THAT HE MADE MANY WITTY ASIDES "WHICH HAD THE PERFECT CASUAL AIR OF BEING THROWN OFF ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT."



"HE HESITATES, BUT HE IS NEVER LOST": MR. ANTHONY ASQUITH, WHO DID NOT ATTEMPT A FULL-DRESS LECTURE AT EDINBURGH, BUT COMMENTED UPON SOME SELECTIONS FROM FILMS HE HAD HIMSELF DIRECTED. MR. DENT DESCRIBES THE LECTURES BY MR. ASQUITH AND MR. REDGRAVE AS "TRANQUIL RESTING-PLACES OR OASES IN THE DESERT OF DOCUMENTARY AND TRAVELOGUE."

direction of the Box Office." Of the notorious unsatisfactoriness of crowd scenes in British films:—"Film-extras are not highly skilled or they would not be film-extras—a harsh fact, but a fact!" And near the end of his disquisition Mr. Redgrave came away with as prettily-turned and as *chevaleresque* a compliment as I have ever heard. He was talking of one of Miss Diana Wynyard's early appearances with himself in some film, and he concluded:—"She was only a degree less beautiful then than she is now, fourteen years later."

The word "less" in this remark was stressed with a quite exquisite taste and restraint.

Mr. Asquith—as anyone who knows him personally will readily assure you—is perfectly capable of the same wit, observation, fun, piquancy, gallantry and verve. Once in a restaurant I overheard him saying to three young ladies how much he would like to make a simple film about two old ladies trying on new hats, and his comment and his mimicry were so devastatingly funny that everyone around had to join in the laughter they evoked. But on the platform this ebullience



ANOTHER FEATURE FILM FROM THE UNITED STATES AND ONE WHICH "HAD MUCH CHARM AND QUIETNESS": "THE COWBOY," A PICTURE TYPICAL OF THE CHARMING HERO DESCRIBED BY MR. DENT, WHO SAW THE FILM IN EDINBURGH, AS "THAT POPULAR FIGURE WHO WORKS HARD ALL DAY AND SQUARE-DANCES ALL WEEK-END."

therefore be anything but a performance. Mr. Asquith's shyness, on the other hand, is the real thing. Mr. Asquith is no less winning in his way, but his genuine nervousness quite seriously affects his audibility. He hesitates, but he is never lost. For his brilliant intelligence and readiness of wit keep on coming to the rescue of his uneasy diffidence. It is the difference between one man pretending to be nervous and another one pretending to be at ease.

The former is a capital phrase-maker. He referred, with just the right touch of piquancy, to the Edinburgh Festival as being "the Saturnalia of the Athens of the North." There were, too, many witty asides which had the perfect casual air of



THE DARK MYSTERIES OF AN AMERICAN JAZZ "SESSION" REVEALED IN A FILM FROM THE UNITED STATES: "JAZZ DANCE," A SCENE FROM THIS REMARKABLE FEATURE FILM, WHICH MR. DENT SAW IN EDINBURGH DURING THE FESTIVAL.

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West-Side dance dive in New York. The result has been well described by my sparkling colleague, Mr. Paul Dehn, as "a primitive tribal dance whose protagonists seem about as civilised as savages prancing on red-hot dignity." This is well said, but it is an understatement. Savages in their tribal dances have a certain dignity. These brilliantly photographed gumchewing corybants and manads have none whatever. By contrast the film called "The Cowboy," showing how that popular figure works hard all day and square-dances all week-end, had much charm and quietness. But its director seemed never even to have heard of that all-important acquirement of the film-director, the art of cutting.

LAND, AIR AND SEA: SOME UNUSUAL ITEMS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



SUSPENDED FROM CLUSTERS OF GAS-FILLED BALLOONS: MR. G. CASHMAN AFTER TAKING OFF FROM ALBANY, U.S.A.

On September 9 Mr. Garrett Cashman, a twenty-seven-year-old former dancing instructor, made a thirty-mile trip by air from Albany, New York State, dangling from seventy gas-filled balloons. Cashman was carried aloft some 6000 ft. and floated for an hour-and-a-half until he cut some balloons adrift and landed



SAFELY BACK ON TERRA FIRMA: MR. GARRETT CASHMAN, WITH HIS WIFE, SHOWING HIS STRANGE FLYING RIG.



SOARING OVER ALBANY: MR. CASHMAN DURING HIS 30-MILE TRIP IN HIS UNORTHODOX "AIRCRAFT."

in a field on the other side of the Hudson River. During the trip some of the balloons burst in the heat of the sun, but Mr. Cashman dropped some sand which he was carrying for ballast and managed to stay aloft. Numbers of people who saw his strange flight rang up the police in amazement.



WAVING AN ELECTRONIC WAND: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER SIGNALLING THE START OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF AN ATOMIC POWER PLANT IN SHOPPINGPORT, PENNSYLVANIA. At Denver, on September 6, President Eisenhower waved an electronic wand which set in motion a power shovel which scooped the first shovelful of earth from the site of the United States' first full-scale atomic power plant in Shoppingport, Pennsylvania, some 2000 miles from Denver. [Radio photograph.]



EXERCISE "LONDON PRIDE": TROOPS OF THE JOINT CONCEALMENT CENTRE MOVING A DUMMY CENTURION TANK, MADE OF INFLATED RUBBER, INTO POSITION. About 15,000 men of famous London Territorial regiments in the 56th (London) Armoured Division, T.A., under the command of Major-General D. Dawney, took part in "Exercise London Pride," which was held from September 5-9, on Salisbury Plain, under the direction of General Sir Francis Festing.



THE LATEST P. & O. LINER, IBERIA (30,000 TONS), MOVING DOWN BELFAST LOUGH FOR THE BEGINNING OF HER SEA TRIALS. HER MAIDEN VOYAGE IS DUE TO BEGIN ON SEPTEMBER 28.

The *Iberia*, a sister-ship of *Arcadia*, is the largest ship to be built at Belfast for forty years. Among the interesting features of her interior decoration are eighteenth-century water-colours of India by Thomas Daniell, R.A., and his nephew William, from the collection belonging to the Company.



CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER AND THE LARGEST MERCHANT VESSEL BUILT IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE: THE *WORLD GLORY* (45,100 TONS) DURING TRIALS OFF THE MAINE COAST.

The *World Glory*, built by the Bethlehem Steel Company at Quincy, Massachusetts, for the Greek ship-owner, Mr. Stavros Niarchos, was launched in February and has been recently doing sea trials. Two sister-ships are being built in England by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong which may be slightly larger.

SEEN AND RECORDED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE NEST: BIRDS OF THE NEW GUINEA MOSS FOREST.



SOMETIMES KNOWN IN AUSTRALIA AS A "THICKHEAD": *PACHYCEPHALA RUFINUCHA* SEEN IN THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD OF THIS BIRD AT ITS NEST IN THE MOSS FOREST, IN THE MOUNT HAGEN AREA OF NEW GUINEA.



AT ITS FEATHER-LINED NEST SLUNG BETWEEN TWO STALKS OF THE NOVA VINE: A HONEYEATER (*MELIPHAGA FASCIATA*) PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT ITS ROUND, CUP-LIKE NEST WHICH IS ENCRUSTED OUTSIDE WITH LIVING MOSS.

writes that this particular bird, unlike others of the same family, nested near the ground. The nest of the Honeyeater (*Meliphaga fasciata*) is a round cup (lower, left) which is decorated on the outside with moss and contains fine rootlets inside. The lining consists of a thick layer of the dark-red hairs collected from the base of tree-fern fronds. Another Honeyeater (*Ptilinopus guinea*) also has a round, cup-like nest (lower, right) constructed of fern rootlets, dead leaves of the climbing bamboo, and encrusted outside with living moss. Mr. Loke says the adult birds were absurdly tame, coming to feed their young even when human beings were near by.



"ARRESTED" ON THE WING WITH A SPEEDFLASH: THE NEW GUINEA WOOD-SWALLOW (*ARTAMUS MAXIMUS*), SEEN WITH ITS YOUNG IN A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT 1:3000 SEC. THIS HANDSOME BIRD HAS A VERY DARK HEAD, CHIN AND THROAT, AND A WHITE RUMP AND UNDERPARTS.



A RECENTLY NAMED SUB-SPECIES: THE NEW GUINEA STONECHAT (*SAXICOLA CAPRATA WAIGIENSIS*), SHOWING THE NEST BIRD AT THE NEST. THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS AND ON THE FACING PAGE WERE ALL TAKEN IN THE MOUNT HAGEN AREA OF THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS OF NEW GUINEA AT 8000 FT.

IN FLIGHT AND AT THE NEST: BIRDS OF NEW GUINEA PHOTOGRAPHED IN THEIR NATURAL JUNGLE HABITAT.

One of the most fascinating of Mr. Loke Wan Tho's bird studies is that of the New Guinea Wood-Swallow (*Artamus maximus*), shown on this page "arrested" in flight with a speedflash of 1:3000 of a second. Mr. Loke says that this handsome bird is reminiscent of a Bee-eater in flight, except that it is heavier. At two

different nests, it was noted that more than two adults fed the same family of young; and he wondered whether the additional adults were the grown-up young of an earlier brood. *Artamus* is about the size of the English stalling, its nests are always placed high—50 ft. to 60 ft. up in the crevices of a dead jungle tree.



A MEMBER OF THE DABBLER FAMILY: *IRITA KOWALDI* PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT ITS NEST. THIS BIRD, WHICH IS ABOUT THE SIZE OF A SPARROW, IS BROWN ABOVE AND FAWN BELOW, AND HAS A HEAD OF BRILLIANT BLUE.



AT ITS NEST, WHICH IS LINED WITH DARK-RED HAIRS FROM TREE-FERN FRONDS: A HONEYEATER (*MELIPHAGA FASCIATA*). THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BIRD AND ITS NEST. THE BIRD IS ALL-BLACK EXCEPT FOR WHITE SKIN, ROUND ITS EYES.

Our readers will by now be familiar with the striking bird photographs taken by Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore. In our last issue, dated September 11, we published two pages of his photographs of birds of New Guinea, and on this, and on the facing page, we show some more of his photographs of birds of this area, all seen for the first time in their natural habitat. The nest of the *Irita kowaldi* (top, left) is a neat circular cup, heavily decorated on the outside with living moss so as to make it a heavy structure. The nest of the *Pachycephala rufinucha* is also decorated on the outside with green, living moss (top, right), but Mr. Loke



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



"SWIFTS, swallows and martins," said the landlord at the "local," "we have them all here, of course, but in these parts we call them all swallows." The classification is commendable for its simplicity, and is not wholly without justification, for the three species, even if swifts are anatomically separable into an unrelated family, have much in common. It was not the finer points of classification or anatomy that held my attention as I watched them recently, but their performance in the air. All three species were flying above me, but the swallows were in the greatest numbers, and as I watched them I began to wonder if we were right about swifts. They it is that are usually given the blue riband of the air

SWALLOWS AT PLAY?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

The arch of the bridge, a single span over the narrow river, was 25 ft. across at water-level and 12 ft. at the highest point. It was, in fact, a very small bridge. The first bird flew, as I have said, in this close curve, emerged from under the bridge, flew around for a matter of seconds, then went under the bridge and repeated the trick. It was now followed closely by a second swallow, which carried out the same manoeuvre. Moreover, literally before one had time to think about it, most of the swallows in the neighbourhood had joined the first two and were flying in this same arc just below the brickwork of the arch. This peculiar group-action did not last long; there was no time to get the camera ready to photograph it, and all the birds came flying out again. They circled around and over the bridge, then suddenly some of them flew in again, went through the same antics and came out again. It was not long after this that the whole swarm flew off and dispersed over the surrounding fields.

At the time, I gave little more than passing thought to the event, assuming that there must be flying insects congregated under the roof of the bridge arch. Nevertheless, it did seem remarkable that, following the solo flight of the first swallow and its emergence from under the bridge, the rest should have come together so quickly and from fair distances to carry out the same manoeuvre. It also occurred to me to wonder whether the first swallow had given some signal, but I could not recall hearing it make any vocal sound.

I thought little more of this until, an hour later and further along the river, there was a crowd of swallows flying in a tight bunch over the water. Every now and then one would dip to the water, splash and rise again on the wing. At times the splashing seemed to savour of an ecstasy as perhaps a dozen would splash in rapid succession. I had dismissed this as drinking or bathing, in a sort of social occasion such as is beloved by human beings. Then I distinctly saw first one then another touch the

water, but with the hind part of the body only. It could not, therefore, be drinking, and if bathing, then one could only say that swallows enjoy a bath.

By one of those happy coincidences, it came about that later that evening, when the sun was dropping towards the horizon, a crowd of swallows came sporting themselves overhead in the usual way that they do on a fine evening. They were flying in a swarm, screeching continuously as they milled around within a restricted space. It was then I noticed one of them fly into the wind, hover for a moment like a kestrel, then turn and glide downwind. Up to that moment I had assumed that the birds were merely congregated where crowds of gnats or midges might be expected to be flying. This glide put a different face on affairs, so I watched more closely. Then it seemed that the swarming congregation was not just haphazard.

Within the group at a given moment could be seen smaller groups playing an evident follow-my-leader. Many others, singly, in pairs or in greater numbers, would turn upwind, hover, turn and glide downwind. These and other patterns formed were not as distinct, perhaps, as I have made it sound. Rather, it was a confused kaleidoscope, yet once the eye had appreciated



A SWALLOW DRINKING: ONE OF THE THREE DISTINCT "ACTIONS" ON THE WATER DISCUSSED BY DR. BURTON ON THIS PAGE. IN DRINKING, A SWALLOW SKIMS OVER THE SURFACE, WITH MOUTH WIDELY AGAPE, WINGS SET AT AN ANGLE OF ABOUT 45 DEGS. WITH THE BODY, AND WITH THE TAIL HIGHER THAN THE HEAD.

and many a writer has poured forth his praise of these "ace-aviators." These writers may be correct: but let us watch those swallows.

They were flying over and around the bridge spanning the river at this point. The afternoon was sunny and warm, a perfect day for flying. There was, of course, nothing unusual in their aerobatics. There was the usual flying and wheeling, the skimming over the surface about an inch above it. In fact, there were all the tricks of flight with which we are familiar, which we take for granted rather than go to the effort of trying to follow with the eye, and which, in any event, would take reams of words to describe.

What made all the difference was the bridge. I had been watching the swallows somewhat idly, when one flew straight at my head, and, before I could dodge, it rose slightly and passed over, missing me by inches. Had my reactions been quicker I could have repeated the performance of the cricketer at the Oval many years ago. He saw the ball driven hard by the batsman in his direction, threw out his hand and caught a swallow. While marvelling at the bird's skill in missing my head, another flew at the wall of the bridge and, when about 3 ins. from it, flew vertically up, and maintaining the same distance from the bricks, skimmed over the parapet. There were many such performances. And then one flew under the bridge, jinked at an insect, immediately doubled back, stalled so that it hung for a split second almost vertically in the air, then turned completely about and resumed its former course. There was the appearance that it had seen something else while pursuing the first insect, and was making another run to catch it. Instead, it flew obliquely up and described an arc under the bridge at a bare inch or two from its under-surface.



A SWALLOW BATHING: THIS SECOND ACTION, BATHING, IF SUCH IT CAN BE CALLED, IS CARRIED OUT WITH THE BEAK CLOSED, THE HEAD HIGHER THAN THE TAIL AND WINGS SPREAD HORIZONTALLY SIDEWAYS, AT THE MOMENT OF IMPACT ON THE WATER.

some of its components they were there to be seen all the time. What finally convinced me that this was no feeding foray was the appearance of three swallows coming in flying abreast. At one point they stalled, and each in turn peeled off to its left to glide sideways into the wind, in a long glide of 50 yards or more. When these same three formed up once more, at approximately the same point overhead, and repeated the manoeuvre, I knew that this had nothing to do with catching insects.

From then on I have taken more careful note of the antics on the water. It seems there are three very distinct actions. In drinking, a swallow approaches the surface of the water with mouth wide agape and the body inclined at a slight angle, the head lower than the tail. At the crucial moment the wings are held rigidly at an angle of about 45 degs. to the horizontal as the lower beak scoops water. Then there is bathing, in which the bird flies low and, at the appropriate moment, drops on to the water, with wings outstretched and lowered slightly below the horizontal, the hinder-half, or two-thirds, perhaps, of the body being momentarily immersed. In the third action the swallow flies at the surface from a slightly higher level and "plops" on to the water with an audible splash, throwing up a fair-sized bow-wave on either side. The action may even be repeated in rapid succession. Drinking and bathing may be carried out by several individuals more or less simultaneously, but it is more often performed singly. The "plopping" is quite certainly a social occasion, and there is about it, as I have said, a seeming ecstasy.

One thing the aerobatics and the "plopping" have in common is that they are usually, if not always, carried out in the late afternoon or evening, when the day's work is done, so to speak. They both seem to be infectious; they are certainly social occasions. They, and possibly the flying under the arch of the bridge, seem to be play in its pure sense.



THE THIRD TYPE OF ACTION ON WATER: THE SWALLOW "PANCAKES" WITH AN AUDIBLE SPLASH, THROWING UP A FAIR-SIZED BOW-WAVE ON EITHER SIDE, AND MAY EVEN BOUNCE TWICE BEFORE FLYING UP. THERE IS NOTHING OF LOW INTENSITY IN THIS.

Drawings by Jane Burton.



(1) GEMSBOK: RED-BROWN AND LIGHT CRIMSON; 1S. 6D. (2) KUDU: WARM BROWN AND MADDER-BROWN; 1S. (3) NYALA: BLACK-BROWN AND YELLOW-GREEN; 2S. 6D. (4) SABLE ANTELOPE: BLACK AND BLUE-GRAY; 10S. (5) RHINOCEROS: RED-BROWN AND SKY-BLUE; 3D. (6) SPRINGBOK: BROWN AND BLUE-GREEN; 1S. 3D. (7) HIPPOPOTAMUS: BLACK-BLUE AND BLUE-GRAY; 4 1/2D. (8) GIRAFFE: SEPIA AND

CHROME-ORANGE; 5S. (9) WARTHOG: DEEP GREEN WITH MONO-COLOURED BACKGROUND; 1 1/2D. (10) BLACK WILDEBEEST: BRICK-RED WITH MONO-COLOURED BACKGROUND; 1D. (11) LEOPARD: SEPIA WITH MONO-COLOURED BACKGROUND; 1 1/2D. (12) ELEPHANT: BLACK-BLUE AND LIGHT-GREEN; 4D. (13) LION: BROWN AND ORANGE; 6D. (14) ZEBRA: DARK VIOLET WITH MONO-COLOURED BACKGROUND; 2D.

THE ANIMALS OF SOUTH AFRICA PORTRAYED ON THE STAMPS OF THE UNION: DESIGNS OF AN OUTSTANDING FORTHCOMING ISSUE.

We reproduce above the fourteen designs of a set of South African stamps which are being issued on October 14. Although in the past various values of South African stamps have shown animals, particularly the Springbok, this is the first occasion that the Union has issued a set entirely devoted to its fauna. Beyond the actual designs (and the colours of the values, which we give above) little further information about the issue was available at the time of writing. It is, however,

a most attractive set, both to animal-lovers in general and to thematic stamp-collectors in particular. Stamp-collecting is now so vast a field that no collector can possibly collect everything; and thematic collections devoted to a single theme, such as stamps showing aircraft, or flowers, or birds, or maps, or military subjects, or any equivalent theme, are increasingly popular; and to that first apprentice in philately, the small boy (or girl), the theme of wild animals is especially dear.

Illustrations by courtesy of "Stamp-Collecting."

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is vain to pretend that one can't have too much of an interesting subject. Or, for that matter, of a vital subject. No doubt, the facts of life under the Kremlin are a certain draw, even if only at the lowest—as a mammoth mystery. Their world-significance is still less in dispute. And a born "Soviet man," who was employed behind the scenes and then deserted into liberty, must, one would think, be the ideal informant. Especially if he has also, and as it seems fortuitously, great gifts as a story-teller. "The Fall of a Titan," by Igor Gouzenko (Cassell; 16s.), is this invaluable revelation. And I must own it is disheartening to look at. It looks as never-ending as the steppe—a titan's dish, stunning to meander appetites. But here the great thing is to go ahead. It will be found too long, but not, when one has made the plunge, for a long time; such is the author's talent, and his prodigious wealth of substance. Yet somehow all this wealth proves to be less enlightening than one expected; and as the tale goes on, confidence starts to lag behind. It is not a question of veracity—not in the vulgar sense; it is the nemesis of propaganda. Of course, the author has a "side"; which is quite justified, but not the same as a whole story. How could we possibly get the whole story—or as the jacket says, "a complete picture of life in Soviet Russia"—from a political refugee?

The scene is in and around Rostov-on-Don, where Feodor Novikov has a chair of History—and that at a triumphantly early age. But then he leads a double life; besides being a "scientist," he is a spy on other intellectuals. And a long, vivid flashback to the Revolution shows how it came about. Feodor was a schoolboy then, more or less trapped into the work; and he still dreams of getting out, though less from scrupulosity than overstrain. True, the material rewards are great; thanks to his secret life, he is a professor at thirty-three, and has two rooms over a garbage-heap. But the gulf always yawns—for him twice wider than for other men. And now, under unmentioned penalties, he must make Gorin speak: Gorin, the ancient lion, the "stormy petrel of the Revolution"! Feodor can hardly believe in the assignment. Since his return from Italy, the old man has been Public Idol No. 2, Stalin's blood-brother—housed like a prince, and treated as a patron saint. Yet now he must be rounded up again. . . .

This long-drawn duel is the main theme. It is long-drawn, because the Grand Old Man yearns to believe; and eyewash, since it wouldn't matter anyhow. He is spontaneously loved; from Stalin's point of view, that settles that.

But all round the duel, what crowds of characters; what fearful tyranny—fearful in every sense; what purges and atrocities, what pampered hooligans on the rampage, what nightmare factories, what oriental follies, what domestic treasons! And at the end, what an Old Russian resurgence! The tale is crammed with memorable bits; yet as a whole it is too much—it seems to be written with a sledgehammer.

OTHER FICTION.

"The King's Man," by Félicien Marceau (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.), promotes a different kind of thesis in a completely different tone. It is the secret history of a Ruritanian dictatorship between the wars; and what it proves is the ennobling influence of power.

In 1921, Rudolf is just an idle, bar-crawling young man: a lost child of inflation, trying to maintain his social level by dint of "secret hardships and petty misdemeanours." For he can think of nothing else to do. Frieda, his girl, though better off, is equally at a loose end. While his dumb brother is conspiring; that is to say, he calls on his ex-colonel once a week. Rudolf disdains him as an ass; and sees no future in conspiracy, till it is pointed out by their ex-porter's son. He can't conspire; he doesn't keep his head. But Rudolf ought to be going somewhere. . . .

Then comes the germ of opportunity. Frieda has met the Crown Prince at dinner, and in a guileless way he was attracted. It is Rudolf who insists that she must cultivate him; Rudolf who pushes her into his arms, and, in due time, gets himself added to the scene as her best friend. At first he can hardly tell why, yet it is really simple; he is moving towards power. He has conceived a major passion for it. And having reached it—no matter by what stratagems and tricks—he becomes *ipso facto* a good man. For now his passion and his country have become identical.

I won't discuss the theme, but I was disappointed in the story. It is so taking to begin with; so free and gay, with such delightful springiness of gait—and such a change, after the Russian colossus. But as the private comedy yields to political intrigue, somehow the interest fades.

"The Wild Honey," by Victoria Lincoln (Faber; 12s. 6d.), is wholly "personal," and therefore prefaced with excuse. These are no times for individual feelings. And so, with "fact," the author says, she has selected her protagonists from the "incurably personal class"—children and adolescents, and women facing middle-age. However, she is not apologising. The stories have more dignity than the preamble; they are warm, sensitive, rather elaborately written, strongly concerned with the transmuting work of time, and the plurality of all our lives. One would expect the children's group to have most charm; and my own favourite was "Morning Wishes"—the story of a little Amish girl, brought up in wildest Illinois, and yet corrupted from her tenderest years. But the prevailing accent is on middle age.

The narrator of "Death at the Mike," by Alfred Eichler (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), is also the producer of a radio programme called "The Road to Happiness." Here, chosen souls lay carefully selected problems before David Lindsay, a quack psychologist, who does a power of good without a word that might antagonise "the church, the law or the American Medical Association." Till one day a petitioner drops dead—and Martin flies into a panic. Her death from "mike fright" would be ruinous, therefore she must have died of a bad heart. But it appears she died of nothing; which is interpreted as murder. Meanwhile, his frantic rummaging in her apartment gets him suspected by the police, and knocked out by a hopping monster. . . . It would be a horrid tale in bits, if it had more connection with reality. But as things are, it is no worse than twopence-coloured—in a simple way.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TOWN v. GOWN.

SO many books have been written about the University of Oxford that it is pleasing to come across one which is written from the angle of Town, not Gown. This is "A History of The City of Oxford," by Ruth Fasnacht (Blackwell; 21s.). And what an unusual angle it is! Oxford City existed, of course, from a much earlier date than Oxford University, being situated at such an important strategic point, covering the approaches to London. It was specially privileged in its relationship to the King at his Royal Manor of Woodstock, a bare four or five miles away—so much so, that in the first charter granted to the city by Henry II. the members were given, among others, the rare and valuable privilege of being "quit of toll and passenger tax, and every custom through all England and Normandy, by land, by water, by sea coast, by land and by strand." Only members of the International Secretariat of the United Nations enjoy such a privilege to-day! It was into this small, privileged community of some 4000 inhabitants that the University erupted some thirty years later—as the result of Henry II.'s quarrel with the Church and his consequent refusal to allow students to attend the great University of Paris. Oxford was chosen largely for political reasons. Winchester, which was a more important mediæval town (indeed, the capital of England), might have been chosen but for its dubious political reputation during the recent civil wars between Stephen and Matilda. So Oxford it was. As Miss Fasnacht points out, the appearance of some 1500 students, with their masters, in the town meant a considerable upheaval. At first, of course (thereby establishing the long and unhallowed tradition which persists to this day), the town's tradesmen and lodging-keepers thought it a heaven-sent opportunity for fleecing the members of the new University. The gowmsmen, however, not unnaturally but more effectively than to-day, protested against this process. This led to the long series of bloody riots between Town and Gown, so that Dean Rashdall could write: "There is probably not a single yard of ground in any part of the classic High Street that lies between St. Martin's and St. Mary's which has not, at one time or another, been stained with blood. There are historic battlefields on which less has been spilt." These riots continued at irregular intervals from the foundation of the University to the appalling strife of St. Scholastica's day, in 1355, when the Town, with the aid of 2000 peasants from the countryside, killed or maimed, in a manner of which an Egyptian mob might be ashamed, every member of the University they could lay their hands on. The rest fled until order was restored. The town must have regretted their intemperate behaviour. They were placed under an interdict for over a year—a terrible punishment for a mediæval man or woman. Their principal officers were sent to the Marshalsea prison, their Charter suspended, while from that day till 1825 the Mayor and principal citizens had to eat humble pie annually on the anniversary of the riot. From that day the town was governed by Gown. Miss Fasnacht—always from this interesting point of view of the feelings, rights and wrongs of the Town, carries the history of the city through all its vicissitudes to the present day, and the appalling problems created by the industrialisation of Oxford and its suburbs.

A religious order which, unlike the Oxford City Fathers, has never compromised in the strictness of its rules and standards, is that of the Carthusians. One of the greatest Charterhouses in Britain was the old Charterhouse near Smithfield Market, most of which was destroyed by enemy action in 1940, but in the process the mediæval monastery was revealed, including such discoveries as the tomb and the coffin of Sir Walter Manny, the original mediæval founder. To the modern Briton the Charterhouse is famous as the Public School where Thackeray was a boy before it moved out to Godalming. To its Reformation contemporaries, however, it was the symbol of the piety and constancy of the Old Church. It is difficult to read without emotion the story of how the last Carthusians, on the grounds of conscience, refused to admit that Henry VIII. (who, in his turn, was activated by cupidity and lust) was the Supreme Head of the Church—which to me, as an Anglican, still seems to be about the silliest piece of nonsense in our theology. One by one the monks were sent to suffer the appalling fate of traitors at Tyburn, except for the last ten, who were taken to Newgate, where they were chained to posts upright and left to die of sickness and lack of food. No. Henry VIII. is not my favourite historical character! The governors of Charterhouse have done well to invite Professor David Knowles and Mr. W. F. Grimes to collaborate in the production of "Charterhouse" (Longmans; 25s.). This beautifully-printed, beautifully-illustrated and scholarly work will be valued not merely by lay Carthusians past and present, but by all who are interested in the history of mediæval London and the tangled historical strains which make up our heritage.

As an admirer of Hilaire Belloc—that great and good man—I have been delighted with Mr. Frederick Wilhelmsen's analysis of Belloc and his writings in "No Alienated Man" (Sheed and Ward; 7s. 6d.). As Mr. Wilhelmsen says: "Belloc saw with unerring accuracy that the bulk of what he called 'unofficial history' in the English-speaking world was anti-Catholic. He attacked the thing bitterly, brilliantly, and at great cost to his reputation." Mr. Wilhelmsen's theme is that Belloc's ideal of a traditional simplicity, vitality and sanity, though not in accord with the spirit of the times, should be ours. In fact, we are "all out of step except our Hilaire." A stimulating book.

For those who know Lakeland and love it (I must confess to being no more than a traveller through it and a worshipper from afar) I warmly recommend "Prose of Lakeland," an anthology compiled by B. L. Thompson and illustrated by W. Heaton Cooper (Warne; 8s. 6d.). In it you will find all your old favourites, and some more modern ones, such as Sir George Trevelyan and the immortal Beatrix Potter. Indeed, Mr. Heaton Cooper's delightful illustrations and particularly the frontispiece (is it because of the combination of Beatrix Potter's publishers and the scene she herself illustrated?) made me feel that I was once more in the world of Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

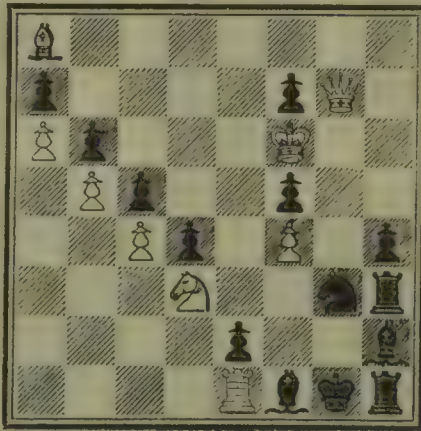
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE temptation of the moment is great to write with volcanic enthusiasm of events at Skegness where, for a week up to now, I have been engaged in the almost unbelievable experiment of grafting a chess congress on to a Butlin holiday camp. Even more incredibly, with considerable success. The spectacle of retired Lieut.-Colonels and Lieut.-Commanders turning, with the greatest zest, from stubborn end-game struggles to high-diving, variety shows and tombolas is too fresh in my mind for a sane judgment on this crazy affair as yet. I must restrain my pen until I can describe these events with some semblance of detachment.

So, swinging as far away from Skegness as is possible on this earth, I present to you a problem which has just come in from Australia. It was composed by F. Ravenscroft and published in the little chess magazine to which C. J. S. Purdy, of Sydney, has sacrificed his life and career, placing Australian chessplayers under a debt to him which they can never repay.

Here is the problem; composed in honour of the Royal Tour of Australia and a quaint tribute to Royalty. White to play and mate in sixteen moves. In the one line of play, by a merry conceit, every move by White has to be made by his king, except the last move, the *coup de grâce*, which is effected by the queen. With the aid of this broad hint, you should certainly find the solution, which is given below, but cover it up if you wish to have a good try.

Black.



White.

The main line of play is: 1. K-K5, P-B3ch; 2. K-Q5, K-Kt7; 3. K-Q6 dis ch, K-Kt8; 4. K-B6, K-Kt7; 5. K-B7 dis ch, K-Kt8; 6. K-Kt7, K-Kt7; 7. K×P(R7) dis ch, K-Kt8; 8. K-Kt7, K-Kt7; 9. K×P dis ch, K-Kt8; 10. K-B6, K-Kt7; 11. K×P dis ch, K-Kt8; 12. K-Q5, K-Kt7; 13. K×P dis ch, K-Kt8; 14. K-Q5, K-Kt7; 15. K-Q6, K-Kt8; 16. Q-R7 mate. All White's king moves were necessary, to open the mating diagonal for the queen. Every Black move was the only one legally playable.



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Thousands more are needed

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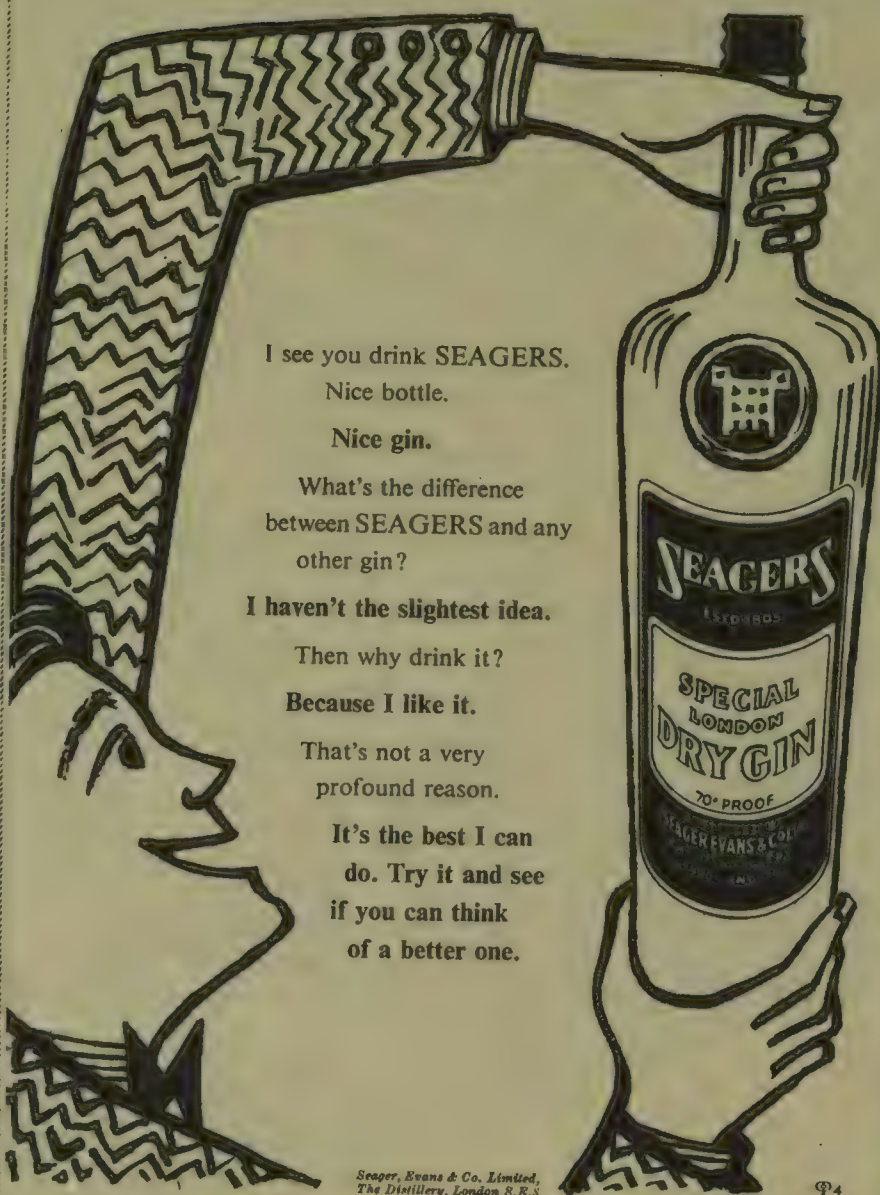
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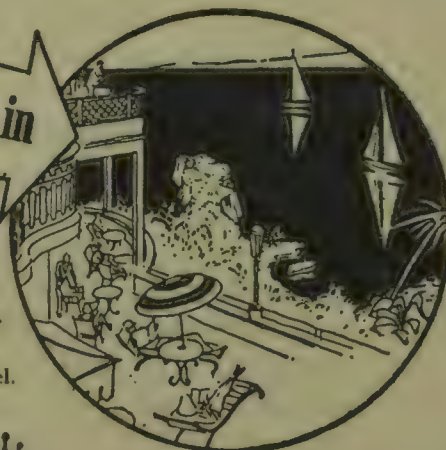
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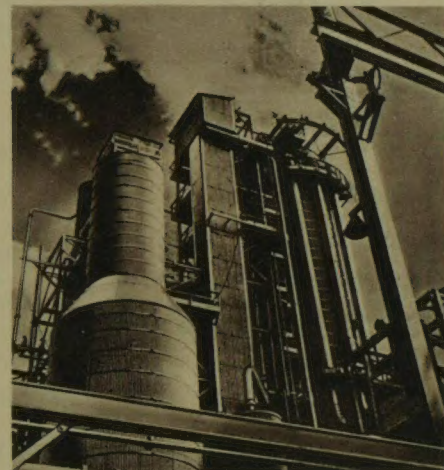


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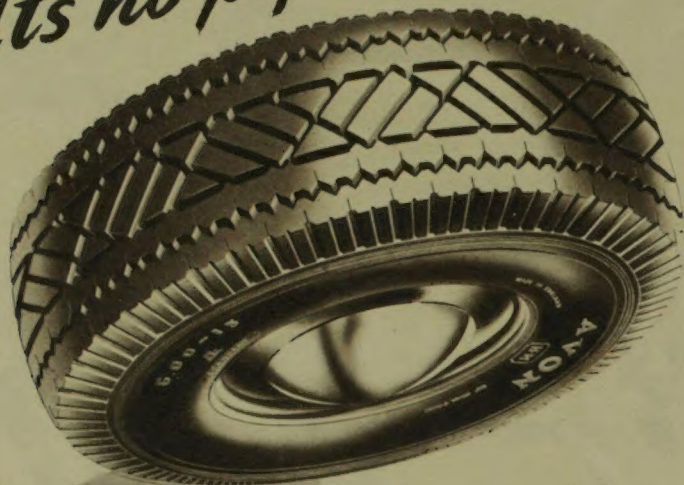
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